

## **DU BULDING TERNTY?**

No. 26

## *The Commissioning of "The Victors"*

# THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH. Founder      OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY      BRAMWELL BOOTH General

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

**OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY**

BRAMWELL Booth  
General

**INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS**  
161 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

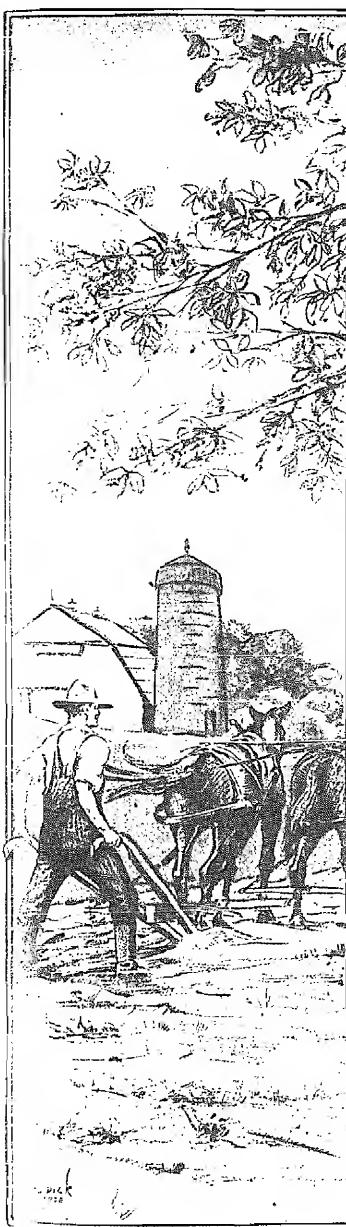
#### IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

**TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS**

VOL. IX. No. 27. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, July 7th, 1928

**CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner**



THE SOWER

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up.

"Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprang up, because they had no depthness of earth; and when the sun was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, they withered away.

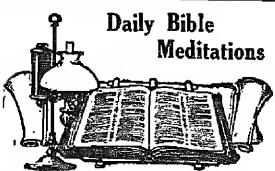
"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them.

<sup>3</sup> "But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." - Matt. xi: 15.

## **"A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW"**

*Acknowledgment—  
New York "War Cry"*



Daily Bible  
Meditations

## HOW THE CAMPAIGN WAS PUT OVER AT BRANDON

Sunday, Numbers 10: 1-13. "Two trumpets of silver." These trumpets were used for guidance and warning as well as for worship. The people had to listen carefully and notice the difference between the various trumpet calls. So today, God speaks to us at different times and in various ways. But we must be quick to hear if we would really know His will for us, and be guided from day to day.

Monday, Numbers 10: 29-36. "The word of the Lord was upon them."

"Captain of Israel's host, and Guide

Of all who seek the Land above,

Beneath Thy shadow we abide.

The cloud of Thy protecting love,

By Thine unerring Spirit led.

We shall not in the desert stirry;

We shall not full directions need;

Nor miss our providential way;

As far from dangers as from fear.

While Love, Almighty Love is near.

Tuesday, Numbers 11: 1-15. "When the people complained . . . the Lord heard it." Beware of the freest, grumbling habit, lest it grow upon you as it did upon the Israelites. They thought they were complaining against Moses, who was doing his best for them all the time and faring no better than they. But God Himself heard their complaints and was displeased. He notices how we take the daily irritations and difficulties of life.

Wednesday, Numbers 11: 16-33. "They shall bear the burden . . . with thee." When Moses was so dismayed that he longed to die, God came to his relief in a most unexpected way. He provided him with seventy helpers, filled with the Spirit, and like-minded with himself. They understood and would share his care and anxieties, so that whenever trying the people might be, Moses could rely on practical human sympathy. Who is a pitying God like That? And who has grace so rich and free?

Thursday, Numbers 12: 1-16. "The man Moses was very meek." We remember how hastily tempered Moses was when he killed the Egyptian. But his forty years lonely shepherding in the Wilderness, and quiet communing with God, had taught him more than all the wisdom learnt in Egypt. Now he was able to be silent under great provocation, and to let God fight for him. Are you quick tempered, and do you say hard, cruel things when angry? Let God do for you what He did for Moses.

Friday, Numbers 13: 17-33. "Let us go up at once!" That was their opportunity—if they had only taken it, victory was sure. But they refused and lost their chance for ever. Little later they changed their minds and wanted to go up to the Promised Land, but it was too late. "Now is the accepted time; and what can be done today may be impossible tomorrow.

Saturday, Numbers 14: 1-10. "The Lord is with us! Fear them not." God's power was as great then as it was forty years later when He made the wall of Jericho fall before the Children of Israel. The power was the same, but it was hindered by the people's disobedience and want of faith.

"In God's whole armour strong,

Pace hell's embattled powers,

The warfare may be fierce and long,

The victory must be ours."

If I were asked what is the remedy for the deepest sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I would point him to something which, in a well-known hymn is called, "The old, old story"; told in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind—"The old, old story of Jesus and His love."—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

BRANDON, the famous Wheat City of Manitoba, always to the fore in any good enterprise, has added another crown to its laurels!

Recently the Commissioner made a visit to this virile city for the very pleasurable purpose of conveying The Army's best thanks to the Citizens Committee which undertook the responsibility of putting on a drive for funds to purchase the present Children's Home, including the erecting of a new wing. Our Leader did this in his usual eloquent manner, stating at the same time in his address, that the amount raised was proportionately the largest per population huberto subscribed in any similar campaign put on by The Organization in the Canada West Territory.

It is now seven years since a splendid committee of citizens headed by Mr. J. S. Wilmet, a prominent Brandon business man, took an active part in the opening

doubled and trebled and brought forth a hundred-fold. At least this was our impression on beholding the chubby, well-fed, rosy-cheeked group of Young Folks who romp happily in the nursery or play with carefree abandon in the grounds.

When Major Oakes, as the Commissioner's representative, interviewed Mr. McKenzie with a view to enlisting his services regarding the raising of funds for the new extension, our genial friend at once saw the need and placed himself at The Army's disposal. With his ability, influence and characteristic enthusiasm, he entered into the spirit of the enterprise with a zeal that made him a pace-setter and an objective-setter.

Squaresness and solidity has ever been the cornerstone policy of Mr. McKenzie's seed business, and it is not to be surprised at that these qualities were incorporated into the Campaign. Added to this, his organizing abilities and tireless energy have made him a valuable asset to the cause.

It is often surprising to see how much pain there may be in the visibility, and yet peace in the depths of the mind. We crossed the Atlantic some years ago, we were surrounded by a gale of wind. Upon the deck the rain and confusion was terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the hair with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of two waves breaking and crashing and hammering was almost deafening. But when I stepped into the cabin, everything was quiet. The mighty ocean was moving with a quietness and stillness in striking contrast with the roar without. It reminded me of the peace that can reign in the soul while storms and tempests are howling without. C. J. Finney.

### UPHILL

By Christina Georgina Rosetti  
Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes to the very end.  
Will my way's journey take the whole  
long day?

From morn to night, my friend,  
You cannot miss that inn.

But is there for the night a resting place?  
A roof for when the slow, dark hours

May begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my

way?  
You may not see it inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers of night?  
Those who have gone before,

Then must I knock, or call when just in  
sight?

They will not keep you waiting, if that

they find comfort, treasures and a weak?

For labor you shall find the sun;

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yes, beds for all who come.

### PEACE IN THE TEMPEST

IT is often surprising to see how much pain there may be in the visibility, and yet peace in the depths of the mind. We crossed the Atlantic some years ago, we were surrounded by a gale of wind. Upon the deck the rain and confusion was terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the hair with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of two waves breaking and crashing and hammering was almost deafening. But when I stepped into the cabin, everything was quiet. The mighty ocean was moving with a quietness and stillness in striking contrast with the roar without. It reminded me of the peace that can reign in the soul while storms and tempests are howling without. C. J. Finney.

### SIN NAILED HIM THERE

The teacher who was evading a black-board lesson had drawn the cross with the name of the Saviour thereon, and instructed the little ones to tell in certain themes relative to the Crucifixion.

One child drew the crown of thorns around the head. Another was asked to make the nail in the head. But the child burst into tears and sobbed out that she could not hurt Jesus so.

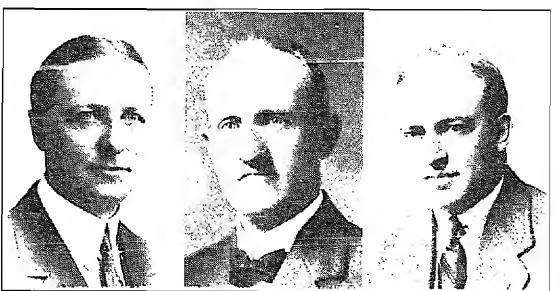
It only we realized that our sins and iniquities caused the nails and the spear, we should pause before sinning, and thus exhorting the Lord also share in putting Him to an open shame.

Mr. Moody used to say that Epoch walked with God, and one day she walked on and on until they came "near to heaven." God said to her, "We are a good deal nearer heaven now than we are to earth, so we may as well stop" and they passed in.

the Officers and members of the church splendidly Cooperated.

It is worth mentioning that at the suggestion of a number of representatives, it has been arranged to have a campaign meeting to be convened in Brandon, to coincide with the annual conference of the Western Association, which will be held there in the new year of the church.

The new year of the church will be immediately.



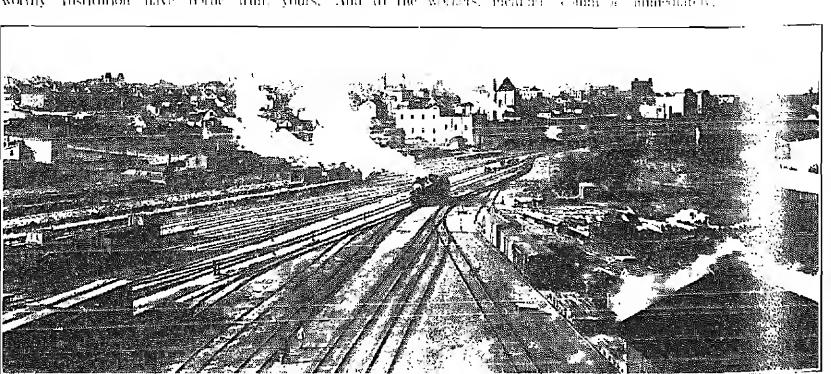
J. C. Riddell, Campaign Chairman; W. A. McKenzie, Vice-Chairman and A. R. McDiamond, Treasurer.

of the Home and during their time the less personal efforts of Vice Chairman of good friends have watched with keen interest the work carried on in the institution on behalf of orphaned and unfortunate children.

We must make mention of the leading workers in the Campaign, although our warmest thanks are due to every one of our Brandon friends and supporters who did so nobly and well.

Mr. J. C. Riddell, manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, acted as Campaign Chairman and made an ideal leader. His influence with service clubs, the Board of Trade, and other organizations, together with his practical interest in worthy objects, gave splendid assurance of the best possible support from the business men. Mr. A. R. McDiamond, the Campaign Treasurer, was keenly interested in the Effort and was delighted to be able to report the financial progress made from time to time, especially when the chairman, on behalf of the Committee, was able to announce that the original sum of \$12,000 had been collected and this from a population of 17,000.

And we say, "Solemnly, blessed and glorious!" This is in fact the situation of the new year of the church, and worthy of a shout in any city, town or even village of inland Canada.



A view of the city of Brandon from the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks.

July 7, 1928

## THE WAR C

Official Organ of The Salvation Army Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Bramhall

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Territorial Commander Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. Rich

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W. C. Bramhall, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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### Important Annoucements

#### re SELF-DENIAL RES

Pressure on our space in connection with the Cadets' Coming weekend, &c., prevents us from publishing in this issue the final and Territorial Results of the recent Self-Denial Campaign which are already in the hands of the signers. In our next however, we shall give to this interesting information. In another announcement have to do with the forward march of the Army in Canada West.

### Official Gaze

(By authority of the General)

#### Promotions:

33rd DEPARTMENT: Ensign Fred Bayley, Esquimalt.

Ensign Eddie Huynes, Trail.

TO BE CAPTAINS:

Captain John C. Riddell, Vancouver 7.

Lieut. Nellie Miller, The Pas.

Lieut. Florrie Walker, Vernon.

Lieut. May Ordentlich, Kamloops.

Lieut. John T. McNaughton, High River.

Lieut. Emma Fitzpatrick, Wetaskiwin.

Lieut. Emma McEachern, Cordova Bay.

Lieut. Oliver Redshaw, Fort Rouge.

Lieut. George H. Moore, Prince George.

Lieut. Nora Tait, Cranbrook.

Lieut. Victor Bishop, Grande Prairie.

Lieut. Graham Donnelly, Calgary.

APPOINTMENTS:

Captain Lily Lawson from Furlong.

Wife.

Adjutant and Mrs. Joseph Acton

from Special Work.

Adjutant and Mrs. John McNaughton

from Vancouver 2.

Adjutant and Mrs. Fred Merrett

from Victoria.

Adjutant and Mrs. William H. Thompson from Edmonton.

Adjutant and Mrs. Edward King from Moose Jaw.

Adjutant and Mrs. David Hammond

from Medicine Hat.

Adjutant and Mrs. George Fogelberg

from St. James.

Adjutant and Mrs. Bramwell Collier

from Kamloops.

Adjutant and Mrs. David Rea

from Vancouver 5.

Adjutant and Mrs. Arthur McEachern

from Kamloops.

Captain and Mrs. Harry Johnson from Kamloops.

Captain and Mrs. Lawrence Blue from Kamloops.

Captain and Mrs. Robert Middell from Kamloops.

Captain and Mrs. Jessie Hind from Kamloops.

Captain and Mrs. J. Fraser MacKenzie from Kamloops 3.

Captain and Mrs. Arthur Collier from Vernon.

Captain and Mrs. Murray Gardner from Kamloops.

Captain Irene Daneback from Kamloops.

Captain Martha Stahl from Cordova Bay.

Captain and Mrs. Walter Strickland from Cranbrook.

Captain Margaret Stratton from Nelson.

Captain and Mrs. Eby from Swan River.

Captain and Mrs. Annie Williamson from Dauphin.

Captain Rose White from Dauphin.

Captain Frances Houghton from Dauphin.

Captain and Mrs. Assistant Officer.

Captain and Mrs. Ambient Littlefield from Kettle Valley.

Captain Alice Weeks from Kerrobert.

(Continued on page

July 7, 1928

## THE WAR CRY Some Reflections and Observations

By COLONEL G. MILLER

**UPHILL**  
 Since Georgina Rosetti  
 went up hill all the way?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Your journey take the whole  
 night, my friend,  
 for the night a resting place?  
 when the slow, dark hours  
 darkness hide it from my  
 mind that inn.  
 other wayfarers at night?  
 have gone before,  
 knock, or call when just in  
 not keep you waiting at that  
 comfort, travel-sore-not weak?  
 on shall find the sun,  
 bed for me and all who seek?  
 or all who come.

### Important Announcement re SELF-DENIAL RESULTS

Pressure on our space in connection with the Cadets' Commissioning weekend, &c., prevents our publishing in this issue the final Divisional and Territorial results of the recent Self-Denial Campaign, which are already in the Commissioner's hands. In our next number, however, we shall give space to this interesting information, and to another announcement having to do with the forward march of The Army in Canada West.

### Official Gazette (By authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS:  
 To DR. ADJUTANT:  
 Ensign Eddie Haynes, Training Garrison.  
 To DR. MAJOR:  
 Lieut. Ruby Steele, Vancouver 7.  
 Lieut. Nellie Mills, The Pas.  
 Lieut. Flaurie Walker, Vernon.  
 Lieut. Mabel McAllister, Victoria.  
 Lieut. Gladys Johnson, High River.  
 Lieut. Emma Fitzpatrick, Wetaskiwin.  
 Lieut. Emma McEachern, Cochrane.  
 Lieut. Hilda Bishop, Fort Konge.  
 Lieut. Hebe Miller, Prince George.  
 Lieut. Nora Tait, Cranbrook.  
 Lieut. Victor Bishop, Grande Prairie.  
 Lieut. John Kennedy, Calgary 2.

APPOINTMENTS:  
 Comdt. Lily Lawson from Furlough to Special Work.  
 Adjutant and Mrs. Joseph Acton from Winnipeg to Special Work.  
 Adjutant and Mrs. Mattie Junker from Calgary 1 to Winnipeg 1.  
 Adjutant and Mrs. John Sharpe from Portage la Prairie to Special Work.  
 Adjutant and Mrs. Fred Merrett from Moose Jaw to Victoria.  
 Adjutant and Mrs. William Hubbard from Victoria to Cranbrook.

Ensign and Mrs. Lancelot Ede from St. James to Moose Jaw.  
 Ensign and Mrs. David Hammond from Regina 2 to Victoria 1.  
 Ensign and Mrs. George Englehart from Prince Albert to St. James.  
 Ensign and Mrs. Beaumont Collier from Edmonton to Special Work.  
 Ensign and Mrs. David Rea from Vancouver 2 to Vancouver 5.

Ensign and Mrs. Angus McEachern from Vancouver 3 to Nanaimo.  
 Ensign Edm. Payne from Vancouver 4 to Chilliwack.  
 Major and Mrs. Rose Thierstein from Vancouver 3 to Vancouver 3.

Buchen Violet Barker, from North Vancouver to Vancouver Grace Hospital.  
 Captain and Mrs. Edwin Edwards from Victoria to Prince Albert.  
 Captain and Mrs. James Stobhart from Prince Albert to Edmonton 2.

Captain and Mrs. Kenneth King from Fort Wm. to Lethbridge.  
 Captain and Mrs. Harry Johnson from Neepawa to Brandon.

Captain and Mrs. Lawrence Blue from Biggar to Lethbridge.  
 Captain and Mrs. Robert Middleton from Fort Macleod to Estevan.

Captain and Mrs. Jean Hind from Coleman to Kamloops.  
 Captain and Mrs. J. Fraser Morrison from Fort Macleod to Lethbridge.

Captain and Mrs. Arthur Coleman from Kamloops to Vernon.

Captain Mary Gardner from Penticton to Okanagan.

Captain and Mrs. Frank Struth from Cariboo to Rossland.

Captain Kate Peckering from Vancouver Grace Hospital to Cranbrook.

Captain Margaret Stratton from Vancouver Grace Hospital to Lethbridge.

Captain Violet Bay from Swan River to New Westminster, as Assistant Officer.

Captain Annie Williamson from Brandon to Virden.

Captain Rose White from Dauphin to Norwood.

Captain Francis Houghton from Virden to Dauphin, as Assistant Officer.

Captain Mabel Little from Medicine Hat to Virden.

Captain Alice Weeks from Kurokuro to Vernon.

(Continued on page 8)

### NEW ZEALAND CONGRESS Conducted by Commsr. Mapp

(By Castle)

The annual Territorial Congress in New Zealand was conducted in Wellington by Commissioner Henry W. Mapp (International Secretary), who was supported by Commissioner Hay (Territorial Commander).

Six magnificent audiences assembled in the town hall, and 54 seekers were registered. Permanent blessing will accrue from the God-glorying meetings on Sunday. Commissioner Mapp's addresses were mighty used by the Holy Spirit. His lecture on Sunday afternoon held the large audience spellbound. Mayor Troup, who presided, paid glowing tribute to spiritual and social work of The Salvation Army.

Many influential citizens were on the platform, including cabinet ministers and representatives of many public institutions. This platform served to demonstrate the grip that The Army has on New Zealand's national life.

The Musical Festival and Young People's demonstration delighted thousands who attended.

Commissioner Mapp's leadership of the councils greatly inspired the staff and field Officers. The General's cabled message had an energizing effect upon all, and a reply giving assurance of undying loyalty to Army principles was dispatched.—Major Alfred Suter

### LT.-COMMISSIONER TOFT

Promoted to Glory

Information has reached the Commissioner of the Promotion to Glory of Lt. Commissioner Toft, Territorial Commander of the Army Forces in Korea. The Commissioner was taken suddenly ill a short time ago, and although fears were entertained as to his recovery, it was scarcely expected that his long and valiant service would terminate so quickly. Let us remember in prayer the bereaved dear ones of this veteran missionary Officer.

### EUROPEAN TERRITORIAL CHANGES

In addition to the farewell of Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, which we mentioned a few weeks since, the following well-known Territorial Commanders, who have each served in The Army's ranks for many years, have received from the General instructions to farewell from their Commands at an early date: Commissioner Larson, Territorial Commander in Finland.

Lt.-Commissioner Howard, Territorial Commander in Holland.

Lt.-Commissioner Gunderson, Territorial Commander in Denmark.

### SOME INTERESTING TRANSFERS

In addition to the Officers mentioned in our Official Gazette, whose promotions and appointments have been scanned with interest, the Commissioner announces the following Transfers to the United States Western Territory.

Commandant and Mrs. Hedley Jones of Victoria, who have been with us in Canada West since 1919, the Commandant has been our oldest active Corps Officer in point of Service, are taking the important charge of Los Angeles I Corps.

Adjutant and Mrs. Elijah Parsons, whose last appointment was at Nelson, B.C., and who have spent thirteen years in Canada West, proceed to Helena, Montana.

Adjutant Fred C. Bailey, of Estevan, whom we heartily congratulate on his promotion, leaves us after a term of twelve years to take command of Spokane I.

Captain Ivy Thirkettle, who was a member of Winnipeg Cadets, and was last at Cranbrook under orders for Los Angeles.

A further announcement of special interest is that Ensign and Mrs. Capon, last of Saskatoon I, and whose Canada West service has extended over a period of eight years are under orders for a Western States appointment, particulars of which we hope to announce later.

Comrades of all ranks throughout Canada West will unite in praying God's abundant blessing on these farewelling Officers. We shall think of them with continued affection.

IT is a new and trying experience for one who has enjoyed good health for over sixty years to be taken ill and confined to bed and hospital for nearly three months. Such an experience is new to me, however, and like many others who have been similarly stricken, I have been querying the "why and wherefore," but ever with a sure confidence in the promise: "All things work together for good to those who love God."

It certainly has been good because of the opportunity thus afforded for quiet meditation and reflection after a life of strenuous activity; it has been a time for honest searching and drawing nigh to the Fountain Head of Life and Blessing; it has been an opportunity for observation.

My sickness was unexpected, and the verdict of the specialists was a great surprise. How thankful I am that he declared to me my true condition and did not hesitate to warn me of my danger. Oh, that all spiritual leaders would as faithfully show up the hidden wrong and darkness of evil. Some do not realise the seriousness of little sins, but the trouble is, that such sins grow so quickly, and cause pain and afterwards spiritual death. Let us be quick to see the danger and as quick to warn the sinner.

For some weeks my appetite and relish for food left me. What a state I was in; no desire for food no matter how enticing the "trays" were; no relish what-

ever. I was sick—that was the reason. And so my observations led me to say to myself, that this must be the cause of so much spiritual weakness—no desire for heavenly food. The Lord's table beautifully spread—but those who should sit there had no desire for His provisions.

My countrymen, you know, do you not, that there is such a thing as soul-sickness, not being up to normal. Some inner heart trouble that upsets the inner man, and takes away that craving for those things which are really needful for the soul's health. It is the privilege of all God's people to have that spiritual thirst so that we may be like David when he said: "As the hart panteth, so panteth

my soul."

So far with flowers—The beautiful custom of giving flowers to the sick has always appealed to me, but in a great measure since I have been sick myself. Many were the floral gifts that decorated my room. I was charmed time and time again with the shades of colour and beauty and especially when I considered also the love that prompted such gifts.

The prayers and sympathy of comrades also were like a flowering garden of sweet perfume. Every day letters, telegrams, visiting comrades. How grateful I am for all such love and friendship. Such a bond of comradeship is far greater and of more value than gold, and I hope the time will never come when the sick are forgotten.

A few kind words of sympathy, a cheery message, the assurance of prayers—they are all like a wonderful lever lifting one up and giving strength and encouragement. Like the mercies of God, wonderful and ever new.

It is good to be alive, good to have come by the Valley of Baia where the rain fills the pools, good to know that I am still with those who keep Holy Day, I cannot yet boast of a great deal of strength, but each day I am gaining, and the knowledge of so many comrades and friends who are constantly praying for me and mine is my sure support.

## TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK

Winnipeg, June 28th

Winnipeg Officers and Soldiers are reminded that Commissioner and Mrs. Rich will be conducting the Farewell Meeting of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickson in the Citadel on the evening of Monday, July 9th.

It was no small delight to have Captain Miller at the Cadets' final Supper Party on Tuesday night, with his old-time spirit he is pushing ahead to a thorough recovery, and the manner in which he stood up to his well-worded speech must have been an object lesson to his young Officer-hearers.

Major Tyndall, our indefatigable Financial Secretary has been out of town over the weekend, busily engaged on financial and auditorial duties at Port Arthur, Fort William, and other important centres.

Lt.-Colonel Sims was another Territorial Headquarters Officer who denied the enjoyment of the Commissioning Sunday, choosing rather to add to the Sabbatical delights of the Fresh-Mir Campers at Sandy Hook. He says that the floods are subsiding, that the birds are singing in the trees, and everything in the garden looks good.

We hear of the happy arrival of a son and heir in the home of Captain and Mrs. Johnstone, of Calcutta. This is good news, and we are glad. Heartiest congratulations in which all Canadian comrades join.

Speaking of our overseas comrades, we are interested in a little note in the South African "Cry" which speaks of a visit paid to Headquarters in Johannesburg by Captain and Mrs. Sullivan of Krugersdorp, Transvaal. We do not forget our far-off friends.

Commandant Carroll has been doing duty at Sandy Hook Camp as Camp Commandant — during the first few days of his appointment he was the Camp Commandor; he is to be succeeded by Adjutant and Mrs. Acton, whom we welcome very heartily to a difficult "try-to-please-everybody" task. They will do it well.

The good wishes of their many comrades and friends will be with Captain and Mrs. Leslie Sharpe who are taking up an appointment in Toronto in connection with the Immigration Services.

Read "The Young Soldier" this week. There are some extraordinarily interesting "Life Stories of The Victors" therein.

Brigadier Allen and family left for Vancouver on Tuesday night last amidst a salvo of affectionate cheering from those gathered at the C.N.R. Depot to give him "God-speed."

Passing the Garrison on Sunday night, en route for the Meeting, we had a feeling of satisfaction because we saw Captain Fannie (Director of Supplies) making her way thither. Everything all safely put away, and everything ready for the next "event", so off she was speedling to add her "Amen" to those of other believing comrades.

We are glad to announce that Mrs. Fd.-Major Weir is making a good recovery from her recent sudden and serious surgical attention. It was too bad she wasn't at the Rink to see her Nelson made a Sergeant.

Congratulations to Adjutant Haynes. It was a pleasing shock which the Commissioner gave her when he promoted her on Tuesday evening last.



## "Journeys According to the Commandment of the Lord."

(Exodus 17:1)

A very brief account of the Journeyings and Warfare of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson.

time the two stood talking about Mrs. Booth and The Army.

"Would you come in?" said Mrs. Dickerson to the Captain, "my husband is very sick and I would like you to pray with him."

The Captain gladly entered the house to pray with the sick man. Before he left he had arranged to return and hold a Meeting in the house for his spiritual benefit. At that memorable Meeting Mrs. Dickerson gave her heart to God, and at the next Meeting her husband professed conversion. A month later he went home to be with God, leaving a line testimony behind that all was well.

Army Meetings were regularly held in the house after that, but George very much objected to them and for some time therefore, he kept out of the way again. Twenty-eight years passed away before she was able to go home to see her parents. When she knocked at the cottage door, her father, then an old white-haired man, clasped her in his arms and with tears in his eyes begged her forgiveness, adding "If I had my life over again last I'd join The Army myself." What a happy sequel after years of faithful service to God!

United they commanded a number of Corps in the north of England with good success. At Gainsboro their last appointment in the Old Country, a wonderful Revival broke out during which four hundred people, including many dandists, gamblers, jail-birds and all sorts of desperate characters were gloriously saved.

In the midst of this work they received a telegram asking if they would go on foreign service. Their answer was "Anywhere for Jesus." Three months later they were on their way to South Africa.

**Glorious season of soul-saving**

Cape Town was their first appointment in the new land, and here they had a glorious season of soul saving during the eight months they remained. Then came orders for Johannesburg. The change from what they had been experiencing in England and Cape Town was so great that for a time their faith wavered. There was no Hall, few Soldiers, and humanly speaking, very little prospect of carrying on Army work.

But they realized that they had been sent there to make an Army where one did not exist and not to build on another's foundations. The opportunity was before them and they rose to it. The story of their struggle is too long to tell in detail. They rented a store, an exorbitant rent, collected money for chairs, advertised the opening Meeting, got the Territorial Commander to speak, and had the place packed. This was the beginning of a splendid work and during the three years of their stay hundreds of souls were saved; a fine Corps was built up and a Band was formed.

Following these episodes of success in Corps work, there came a call to Staff work, and in various appointments of varying and rising importance they continued their labors in South Africa, passing through some exciting experiences in

upheld the girl and it was some time before she felt able to write home again, but at length she did so, with no seeming result, however. Twenty-eight years passed away before she was able to go home to see her parents. When she knocked at the cottage door, her father, then an old white-haired man, clasped her in his arms and with tears in his eyes begged her forgiveness, adding "If I had my life over again last I'd join The Army myself." What a happy sequel after years of faithful service to God!

United they commanded a number of Corps in the north of England with good success. At Gainsboro their last appointment in the Old Country, a wonderful Revival broke out during which four hundred people, including many dandists, gamblers, jail-birds and all sorts of desperate characters were gloriously saved.

In the midst of this work they received a telegram asking if they would go on foreign service. Their answer was "Anywhere for Jesus." Three months later they were on their way to South Africa.

**Glorious season of soul-saving**

Cape Town was their first appointment in the new land, and here they had a glorious season of soul saving during the eight months they remained. Then came orders for Johannesburg. The change from what they had been experiencing in England and Cape Town was so great that for a time their faith wavered. There was no Hall, few Soldiers, and humanly speaking, very little prospect of carrying on Army work.

But they realized that they had been sent there to make an Army where one did not exist and not to build on another's foundations. The opportunity was before them and they rose to it. The story of their struggle is too long to tell in detail. They rented a store, an exorbitant rent, collected money for chairs, advertised the opening Meeting, got the Territorial Commander to speak, and had the place packed. This was the beginning of a splendid work and during the three years of their stay hundreds of souls were saved; a fine Corps was built up and a Band was formed.

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connection therewith, as one might imagine.

Then after nineteen years in the Union came a call to another move on, and so leaving behind them two of their family, that in itself no small sacrifice to people of such strong parental feelings, they marched forward for Canada West.

It was no small compensation, however, that in connection with this change of appointment they had an opportunity of meeting many old comrades in England and that Mrs. Dickerson had the joy of the reconciliation with her father.

Our Comrade's first appointment in Canada West—indeed his only permanent—was that of Secretary for Men's Social affairs and Special Efforts. It can easily be imagined that the work in these connections has been of an exciting character, and called for all the exercise of the Colonel's geniality and Christian diplomacy. How well he has succeeded in the eyes of his leaders is evidenced by the fact that two years since he received his advancement to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and that now he is advanced to the important position of Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.

His Comrade Officers throughout Canada West wish for him all Salvation joy and grace in his new work; his "clients" and "appellants" of the Men's Social Work will think of him with gratitude, many of them will remember him as the man who pointed them a way to a better and holier life. Mrs. Dickerson will be missed amongst us, but we all rejoice to think that in the sphere to which she is moving there will be innumerable opportunities for her, as for the Colonel, in the direction of that which is still the chief end of their lives—the salvation of souls.

But it behoves us to put record some of the solemn gladness of the first Covenant Day in the new Garrison Buildings. Of course the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were with us, and gave out the fulness of their experience; if their hearers could only have stored up half of what they said to them, theirs would be a wonderful treasury.

Mrs. Major Habkin, a gentle persuasive speaker; Adjutant Acton, brimming full of sage and experimental advice; Mrs. Lt.-Col. Dickerson, dramatically reminiscent; Brigadier Allen—on the eve of retirement, but still full of fire; all these were on the list of speakers. Brigadier Carter and the Garrison Officers added their quota of leadership and blessing, and completed the circle—is that the way to put it?—of comradeship which had been unfolding as all day.

All through the day the Commissioner had been more than father-like in his insistence upon the pledges which The Army asks of us; not unwilling pledges, nor promises into which we need enter in a blind-folded manner, but in the pure streaming light of the Holy Ghost. The Covenants with God and our Leaders were presented in an uncertain manner, and none of that alert, intelligent, young company ever say that they were not faithfully explained—and be it said to their exceeding credit—as faithfully assumed.

Of the closing scene of the Day we will say little; rather would we that the picture of it shall be within our own minds; but the flag and the appealing faces, the desperately determined attitude of all concerned will be with us for many a day. And no less does the song of that final evening still ring in our ears—

"I cannot leave the dear old Flag, 'Twere better far to die."

## A FESTIVE

THE COVENANT DAY

It always seems to us that Spiritual Days are much too private to be discussed in the open pages of "The War Cry," especially when one remembers how sacred they are to the young lives for whom they are such events; and also for the older Officers who may be privy to it and that Mrs. Dickerson had the joy of the reconciliation with her father.

As imaging there are very few Officers of this Territory who do not look back with joy to such Days, and, we say it sorrowfully, there may be some who read these lines who look back with exceeding regret on the way things have gone with them since they forsook the Covenants they made in similar gatherings.

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## A FESTIVAL OF PRAISE

Saturday Night

dictory prayer commended our Comrade and his family to God's favor and mercy.

### LT-COLONEL DICKERSON

Farewell Sunday at Regina Jail

and Citadel

A MESSAGE from Regina, us that Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's Farewell Meetings in the City of Regina have been seasons of a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Commandant Beatty is one correspondent, and he writes that certainly must good must result from the Sunday morning Meeting at the Provincial Jail, where out of nearly a hundred of men present, there were over twenty who raised their hands in response to the Colonel's message, as though they were in tears as he spoke.

The Sunday night, Meeting at the Citadel was a time of remembrance and farewells. Enweg Gasemonge, a well-known figure in Army circles in the city, was a Cadet at Chateau L'Or, leader of the day, and naturally was much of old-time joy in a social association. Commandant Beatty had a happy term of four years with the Colonel in his work in the Social Department, while Adj. Mundy said a few words on behalf of the Corps.

The day finished with one Wind-up episodes which are so typical of the Colonels' work in the Corps. The day finished with one Wind-up episodes which are so typical of the Colonels' work in the Corps.

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IT is a far cry back to those days in the world's history when the Prophet Job paused in his wonderment, and said "Who is this that cometh with such great power?" It is a long, long time ago since it was first announced that "He was bruised for our iniquities." It is a long, long time ago, readers of ours, but never once all down the ages has the cry of the Colonels' been there any stay in His speech—the wonderful appeal of His blood-red garments and of His tender voice.

We know the ways in which He presents Himself; wondrous are the words He speaks to us; wondrous are the songs and goings and the haunts of men. He came wondrously into our midst. We heard Him in the old songs; we heard Him in the new songs and melodies; we saw Him in those lives, "Young and Free."

There are some of the musings which we have on Saturday night amidst the bustle and garishness of the Winnipeg social life. We thank God that occasionally we look away from our surroundings; to see Him Who is our Saviour; that we can shut our ears for a moment from the noises of the world and hear His voice.

We wish it were possible for our readers to see and hear Him as we have been doing during these days. What a Holy

connection therewith, as one might imagine.

Then after nineteen years in the Union came a call to another move on and so leaving behind them two of their family, that in itself no small sacrifice to people of such strong parental feelings, they marched forward for Canada West.

It was no small compensation, however, that in connection with this change of appointment they had an opportunity of meeting many old comrades in England, and that Mrs. Dickerson had the joy of the reconciliation with her father.

Our comrade's first appointment in Canada West—indeed his only appointment—was that of Secretary for Men's Social Affairs and Special Efforts; it can easily be imagined that the work in these connections has been of an exacting character and called for all the exercise of the Colonel's geniality and Christian diplomacy. How well he has succeeded in the eyes of his leaders is evidenced by the fact that two years since he received his advancement to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and that now he is advanced to the important position of Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.

His Comrade Officers throughout Canada West wish for him all Salvation joy and grace in his new work; his "clients" and "apprentices" of the Men's Social Work will think of him with gratitude; many of them will remember him as the man who pointed them a way to a better and holier life. Mrs. Dickerson will be missed amongst us, but we all rejoice to think that in the sphere to which she is moving there will be innumerable opportunities for her, as for the Colonel, in the direction of that which is still the chief end of their lives—the salvation of souls.



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#### LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON Farewell Sunday at Regina Jail and Citadel

A MESSAGE from Regina says that Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's farewell Meetings in the City of Regina have been seasons of wonderful blessing of the Holy Spirit. Commandant Heath is our correspondent, and he writes that certainly much good must result from the Sunday morning Meeting at the Regina Provincial Jail, when out of a hundred men present, there were forty-two who raised their hands in fervor. The men had been listening attentively to the Colonel's message, and when they were in tears as his plain words proceeeded.

The Sunday night Meeting at the Citadel was a time of reminiscence and farewells. Envoy Gascoigne, a well-known figure in Army circles in the city, was a Cadet at Clapton, and he was a leader of the Army, naturally he was much the old-time joy in a re-union association. Commandant Heath made of a happy term of four years' service with the Colonel in his work in the Army's Social Department, while Adj't. Major Mandy said a few words on behalf of the Corps.

The day finished with one of those Wind-up episodes which are so pleasant at Regina, when six souls at the Memory-Seat made a joyous finish.

## A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

### THE COVENANT DAY

It always seems to us that Spiritual Days are much too private to be discussed in the open pages of "The War Cry," especially when one remembers how sacred they are to the young lives for whom they are such events; and also for the older Officers who may be privileged to attend. More particularly is this so when it comes to the last Spiritual Day of the Session, that which has come to be known as "Covenant Day."

We imagine there are very few Officers of His Territory who do not look back with joy to such Days, and, we say it sorrowfully, there may be some who read these lines who look back with exceeding regret on the way things have gone with them since they forsook the Covenants they made in similar gatherings.

But it behoves us to put on record some of the solemn gladness of the first Covenant Day in the great Garrison Buildings. Of course, the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were there, and gave out of the fulness of their experience; if their hearers could only have stored up half of what they said to them, theirs would be a wonderful treasury.

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All through the day the Commissioner had been more than father-like in his insistence upon the pledges which The Army asks of us; not unwilling pledges, nor promises into which we need enter in a blind-folded manner, but in the pure streaming light of the Holy Ghost. The Covenants with God and our Leaders were presented in an uncertain manner, and that of alert, intelligent, young company can ever say that they were not faithfully explained—and be it said to their exceeding credit—as faithfully assumed.

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"I cannot leave the dear old Flag,  
Twice better far to die."

### A FESTIVAL OF PRAISE

#### Saturday Night

IT is a far cry back to those days in the world's history when the Prophet of Israel paused in his wonderment, and said, "What is this that cometh with dyed garments?" It is a long, long time ago since it was first announced that, "He was bruised for our iniquities"; a long, long time ago, readers of ours, but never once all down the ages has the cry ceased nor has there been any stay in His apparel—of the wonderful apparel of His blood-dyed garments and of His tattered voice.

Wondrous are the ways in which He presents Himself; wondrous are the words in which He speaks to us; wondrous are His counsels and guidance; wondrous are the bands of mercy. He came wondrously into our midst during the Cadets' Commissioning weekend. We heard Him in the old songs; we saw Him in the Veterans; we also heard Him in the new songs and melodies; we awoke to see Him in those lives, "Young, strong and free."

There are some of the musings which came to us on Saturday night amidst the tawdry and garishness of the Winnipeg "Cry." We thank God that occasionally we can look away from our surroundings, and see Him Who is our Saviour; that we can shut our ears for a moment or two to the noises of the world and hear His voice.

We wish it were possible for our readers to see and hear Him as we have been doing during these days. What a Holy

### THE COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

#### Conduct Great Weekend of Farewell Demonstrations of "The Victors" Training Session in The Winnipeg Rink

time it has been for the Cadets. What a time of fulfilled ambitions and answered prayers for those parents who have travelled hundreds of miles to be present with the Meeting; we may have strained the parable too far. But let it stay as written: "The fairest tale of earth has never equalled this."

"He was wounded for our transgressions—Bruised for our iniquities.

"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him—

"By His stripes we are healed."

—T'

We have been reading over these notes, and maybe some will agree with us that they are not a very descriptive account of the Meeting; we may have strained the parable too far. But let it stay as written: "The fairest tale of earth has never equalled this."

"He was wounded for our transgressions—Bruised for our iniquities.

"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him—

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—T'

### A FESTIVAL OF HOLINESS

#### Sunday Afternoon

IT was with no small degree of anticipation that we made our way to the spacious rink again on Sunday morning. The bright, genial sunshine and melody-filled air lifted our spirits and the sight of the Training Garrison Cadets on the march along Portage Avenue gave us that thrill of pride which is always payable in a Salvationist.

Soon, we reflected, these virile young men and women of earnest countenance and eager step would be marching along the highways and byways of the Territory to reinforce the ranks of our Officers

worldly sense of security and the deep, sweet peace of God's love.

Our souls were blessed also during the morning by the various vocal and musical items rendered. The Citadel Songsters helped us with the old favorite, "At Thy feet I bow adoring"; the Band's interpretation of, "The Good Shepherd" selection was inspiring, and the Cadets united singing of "Soldiers of Christ Arise" to a rare old tune, invited the congregation to make the rafters ring with the martial air: *Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well fought day.*

The Training Principal led us in the Prayer-Meeting and Brigadier Taylor offered the closing benediction.—P.

### A FESTIVAL OF MELODY

#### Sunday Morning

A surfeit of good things awaited us in the afternoon at the conclusion of the several Open-Air engagements participated in by comrades and Cadets alike. The rink rang for a lively period of music and song and thereby an excellent start was made. Especially did we enjoy the rendering of the lifting chorus, led by the Commissioner:

*Faith triumphant in the darkest night,  
Faith triumphant wins the hardest fight,  
Faith triumphant makes the burden light;  
Give me a faith triumphant.*

This was sung (with variations, duets, etc.) by different sections of the platform and audience, and not the least doughty of the efforts made was when the comrades puffed their lips and gaily whistled the sprightly and well known tune to which the chorus is so admirably set.

We were now ready for anything and everybody. At our Leader's invitation, Envoy Smith (Regina) set the ball a-rolling with a breezy testimony. Our comrade was proud of the fact that his youngest daughter was a Cadet, and declared that if he had fifty children they should all become Salvation Army Officers!

Another visitor, also the father of a Cadet, to speak, was our esteemed comrade, Envoy Hunt, of Sunny Valley fame. The Envoy, who had brought his family in for the weekend, gave a hearty speech in which he related some of his experiences as a Salvationist in rural Canada.

As may be remembered, under the leadership of our comrade, the Sunny Valley forces built their own Hall and handed the title deeds over to The Army; a rural Corps is now well established, which gives promise of sending in other Candidates. The Envoy's own son (his Isaac, he called him) being the first.

An item in the Envoy's speech which drew forth a volley of applause from the audience was the interesting fact that since the opening of the Sunny Valley Corps, Sunday baseball, dance parties, horse races and other worldly sports had died a natural death in the neighborhood. Mr. Peppin's Sergeant Major Ingles, all the way from Medicine Hat, Alberta, was called upon for a few words, and modestly was asked by the Commissioner to represent the absent parents of Canada. Our comrade also spoke highly of the products of the Gar City, to whom he was commissioned by his Corps comrades to convey greetings, and wished for them a useful and blessed future.

Captain Townsend, Regina (another son of the soil) concluded the list of visiting delegates to speak, and this worthy comrade told of his joy at beholding his daughter ready to receive her appointment for service.

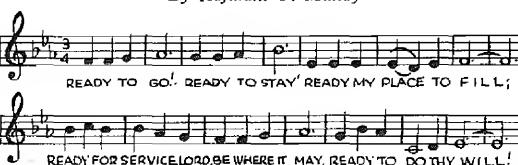
The afternoon's programme was certainly a packed one and it is with some difficulty we find space to record every particular. A unique contribution—or rather set of contributions—was made by the Garrison musical forces when the Cadets, in their respective Divisions and led by one of their own number, rendered spirited vocal selections.

Thus did the Cadets from distant B.C., led by Cadet Fitch, give us, "Who is on the Lord's side?"; the Alberta forces, under Cadet Murray, "The Great Review"; the Saskatchewan representatives, under Cadet Pickles, "Marching on for God and Right"; and Manitoba, under Cadet Gibson, "A Spangling Crown." The Citadel Band and Songsters also treated us to inspiring selections.

(Continued on page 8)

### A Covenant-Day Chorus

By Adjutant T. Mundy



this Praise song—in the vocal efforts, and help drive back the forces of sin and whether united or solo. It was in the darkness. What a glorious opportunity theirs!

Ten minutes later we were joining in the devotional exercises, led by the Commissioner and though the building was large, yet its cathedral-like stillness helped us to concentrate our minds on the things of God. It was a season of refreshing, and Mrs. Brigadier Carter's petition for heavenly power to descend on the gathering was echoed with many fervent Amen's.

Our song-sheets contained a varied and excellent selection of songs and we gave close attention to the singing of, "Lord, through the Blood," lined out by the Field Secretary. Not for naught did we and especially the Cadets, emphasize the well-known lines—

*"Lord, through the Lord and Thy power make*

*"us strong."*

So that all may know to whom we belong,

In accordance with the arrangements made by our Leader, the Garrison comrades occupied a large place in the scheme of the day and those, without exception, acquitted themselves with credit. The nine months of training it was seen had made a vast difference in all of the Cadets and some were improved almost beyond recognition.

The testimonies given by our comrades were clear and convincing and showed a splendid understanding of The Army's great doctrine of Holiness. Sergeant Cartmell led off with a sincere personal testimony; Cadet Pickles told how she came to the place where God wanted her to be; Cadet Hunt related how he became a victor over inbred sin.

Two Biblical readings were given by a lad and lassie Cadet, respectively, these being both effective and heart-searching. Cadet Murray demonstrated from Psalm 51 the stages by which a soul reached the sanctified experience, and Cadet Fitch, from the gracious words of the Prophet, "He who pleases me I you," made clear the difference between a

### MONDAY AFTERNOON The Festival of Dedication

THE Dedication Service, conducted by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich on Monday afternoon, was a graciously inspiring and solemnly impressive event. We are certain that the occasion was one never to be forgotten by the fifty-one young men and women who thus publicly took upon themselves the vows of consecration.

Appropriate indeed was the opening song, laid out by the Training Principal, and we noticed that it was with fervency of spirit that our comrades soon to become Officers, sang the stirring lines:

"And while He leads with flashing sword  
We'll fight the battles of the Lord."

What a thought to fire the imagination and to inspire the soul to resolute action!

Mrs. Brigadier Carter and Brigadier Merrett led us in turn to the Throne of Grace and the hush of prayer filled our hearts. The Cadets then sang strongly, but not without deep feeling, "Blessed Lamb of Calvary," a helpful prelude to the Scripture portion from the first chapter of Jeremiah, selected by the Chief Secretary and read by Brigadier Taylor.

Scenes from the life of the Saviour in inspiring word-pictures were portrayed by Mrs. Commissioner Rich in her Bible address. Once again we heard the solemn words, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me," and visualizing the inner secret of the soul-winner's success.

#### "I Am With You Always"

Definite testimonies to God's saving and sanctifying powers were given by Cadets Bilyard and Beck and these items were followed by selections by the Garrison Band and Male Quintette. All of which fitted in well with the nature of the gathering.

Prior to the delivery of the dedicatory address the Commissioner called upon the Training Principal to speak. The Brigadier briefly reviewed the past nine months and urged the Cadets to uphold the high ideals and standards of the Training Garrison. It was he said, with the utmost confidence that he handed his charge over to the Commissioner for service in the Territory. As a concluding word he gave them the glorious promise of Christ, "Lo, I am with you always."

The Commissioner's address was full of inspiring counsel. Taking the age-long example of Paul's commissioning, so vividly recorded in Acts 26, our Leader charged the group of stalwart young people before him to avoid all that would detract from the great and noble purpose of their high calling. "Let your message be with no uncertain sound," he said as he bid them rise to their feet.

#### In the Name of the General

We cannot adequately describe the hallowed feelings of those next moments. There was the beautiful singing of the Sessional Chorus, "When they come seeking Thee, Lord; When they come seeking Thee; Help me to show Thee; So they may know Thee, When they come seeking Thee."

In true Army fashion our feet tapped the floor, and our hearts beat quicker when the St. James Band added its quota to the evening's inspiration, and our feelings almost had the better of us when the Singing Company sang of the Army Flag. We have heard that Company so often, and have enjoyed its tuneful melodies and harmonies again and again, but this last song touched us more than any other. "I love the Flag," they reiterated, and we repeated the phrase over to ourselves, as one is apt to do with something that touches one's heart closely. Thank God we were born under that flag.

Mrs. Rich's Bible-reading was appropriate; carrying with it a message just as cheerful and just as hopeful to "The Victors" as to those olden-time Jews who longed for Messiah. Heard with sadness the utterances of the prophet as his voice rang out, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me—Wonderful promises, wonderful future, and so the words went on, "Ye shall be named the priests of the Lord; men shall call you the ministers of our God." What a commission for "The Victors!"

Because of their ardent, dare-anything Salvationism they have gained a high place in our affections, and right happily we joined in this "Festival of Consecration," for such, beneath all the gaiety and rejoicing of Commissioning, we knew it was going to be for these Young People.

As we sat and watched the crowds surging into the rink—such a crowd as we have never seen there before—we

# A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

## The Solemn Dedication and Victor's Commissioning of "The Victors"

Thanks be to God who giveth us strength through our Lord Jesus Christ. (I Cor. 1.24)

thought of the path "The Victors" had trod to bring them to this night. We thought of the long ways behind them; over the seas some of them had come, come to make a name for themselves in a new land; well, they have their heart's desire, their name is "The Victors." Over the prairies and across the mountains, from office desks, from the farm ploughs, from counting houses, from home duties—a noble company, and so we thought as we heard the distant tramp, tramp of their oncoming.

Ever as we thought, there broke upon our hearts the triumphant strains of their Sessional Chorus, "Make way, make way for The Victors," and with a swing and lift compelled thereto by the martial music of the Citadel Band, they were upon us. Banners waving, faces all aglowing with the light of their high resolve they came—"The Victors!"

Young women sweet of face, gracious and kindly; young men, the very embodiment of Christian young manliness; all alike Salvationists in the best sense of the word, bearing across them the beautiful Army flag-sashes, they took their places at the Altar of Consecration.

The opening song went with a swing, "We are marching on,

With shield and banner bright," and all the time, indeed through the whole length of the evening, we heard the echo of those marching feet.

Mrs. Colonel Miller's prayer was motherly and tender, and we felt a responsive tug at our heart strings as she prayed they might "fight a good fight, and war a good warfare." Then the seriousness of the event came over us again as the young Officers sang their Covenant chorus, in which many a hundred throughout that vast crowd joined:

"When they come seeking Thee, Lord;  
When they come seeking Thee;  
Help me to show Thee,  
So they may know Thee,  
When they come seeking Thee."

In true Army fashion our feet tapped the floor, and our hearts beat quicker when the St. James Band added its quota to the evening's inspiration, and our feelings almost had the better of us when the Singing Company sang of the Army Flag. We have heard that Company so often, and have enjoyed its tuneful melodies and harmonies again and again, but this last song touched us more than any other. "I love the Flag," they reiterated, and we repeated the phrase over to ourselves, as one is apt to do with something that touches one's heart closely. Thank God we were born under that flag.

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Brigadier Carter, the Training Principal, proud man was he, read his Sessional Report, always an interesting item on such nights. As on previous occasions it was packed full of information, but our thoughts could not be kept in check—strange thing—and behind the facts and figures and dates we seem to sense many a story; tales which would bring tears to our eyes, and tales which would have caused smiles to close those very tears. We thought of the prayers which wrapped so many of our Young Hosts in the folds they were dedicated to God and The Army service; we thought of the devoted Local Officers who tended them and led them in the youthful way; we thought of the Officers who tended the weak converts, and had made of them strong Soldiers of the King of Kings.

But our thoughts could not stay—the meeting was sweeping us on. There came another Victor song, and we all stood to our feet, the thousands of us, and sang as in the old days, and as we shall sing for many a year to come:

"No retreating—  
Hell defeating—

"Thro' the Blood of Christ my Saviour." What an outburst of song it was; this is the Victory we said—the only Victory of which we desire to know. And the

### The War Song "The Victors"

By Pro-Lieutenant Hillary

We have heard the battle cry  
To the Victors;  
And have come to live and die  
As true Victors.  
We are bound to win  
Victory over sin.  
Tho' the arm of flesh may fail,  
We'll be Victors;  
Christ our Captain shall prevail,  
We'll be Victors.

#### CHORUS:

We'll be Victors—we'll be Victors,  
We have taken up the sword,  
Jesus Christ He is our Captain,  
And we follow at His word,  
We'll be Victors, truly Victors,  
And proclaim till all have heard,  
He has died from sin to save them;  
We'll be Victors all the way.

list has cleansed our hearts from sin,  
Made us Victors,  
we mean to work for Him  
And be Victors.  
We are bound to win  
Victory over sin.  
His will we know—to the fight we go;  
In the Saviour's might,  
We'll be Victors,  
the host of Hell to flight,  
Yes—we'll be Victors.

of the fight he hard and long;  
We'll be Victors;  
at last will swell the song  
Of the Victors.  
bers we'll have blest—souls in East  
and West.  
ny lands will bless the day  
That the Victors  
ok their stand and joined the fray,  
As the Victors.

"Wave offering"  
took part in  
Void of the sw  
item was the song  
Party, but our  
silence came over  
sang with the song

"Except I an  
How dweltin'

And in and a  
moved the Comm  
ence; his terse  
gratitude to Sing  
others concerned  
generally to the  
The Citadel Band

"Praise of Praise" was a  
but beautiful as  
such a thrill as  
"Victors' Song" later  
"Though the a  
"We'll be Victo  
"Christ, our Ca  
"We'll be Victo

To see those y  
and alert, so full  
see them stand,  
"Though the a  
"We'll be Victo  
The fact that  
responsible for  
words thrilled v  
one must be the





# VAL OF CONSECRATION

## Dedication and Victors Commissioning of "The Victors"

Thanks be to God who giveth us these through our Lord Jesus Christ. (I Cor. 15:57)

ng Principal, his Sessional item on occasions it ion, but our in check— and the facts seem to sense would have ; and tales d smiles to We thought so many of were dedi service; we Officers who the youthful Officers who arts, and had the King

ot stay—the There came a need to and some shall sing for

my Saviour." it was; this only Victory w. And the

### The War Song "The Victors"

By Pro-Lieutenant Hillary

We have heard the battle cry  
To the Victors;  
And have come to live and die  
As true Victors.  
We are bound to win  
Victory over sin.  
Tho' the arm of flesh may fail,  
We'll be Victors;  
Christ our Captain shall prevail,  
We'll be Victors.

CHORUS:

We'll be Victors—we'll be Victors,  
We have taken up the sword,  
Jesus Christ He is our Captain,  
And we follow at His word.  
We'll be Victors, truly Victors,  
And proclaim till all have heard,  
He has died from sin to save them;  
We'll be Victors all the way.

list has cleansed our hearts from sin,  
Made us Victors,  
we mean to work for Him  
And be Victors.  
His will we know—to the fight we go;  
In the Saviour's might,  
We'll be Victors,  
the host of Hell to flight,  
Yes—we'll be Victors.  
  
The fight be hard and long;  
We'll be Victors;  
at last will swell the song  
Of the Victors.  
ers we'll have blest—souls in East  
and West.  
My hands will bless the day  
That the Victors  
their stand and joined the fray,  
As the Victors.

"Wave offering" in which the thousands took part!!!

Yield of the swing and verve of this item was the song by the Women Cadets' Party, but our hearts were moved and silence came over the audience as they sang with the soul-love in their eyes—

"Except I am moved by compassion  
How dullth Thy spirit in me."

And in and among all these items moved the Commissioner's guiding presence; his terse remarks, his words of gratitude to Singing Party and Staff, and others concerned, bringing a feeling of general warmth to all hearts.

The Citadel Band march, "The Herald of Praise," was a joyous burst of music, but beautiful as it was we did not get such a thrill then as we did a few moments later when the triumphant, sonorous "Victors' Song" burst on our ears.

To see those young people, so straight and alert, so full of The Army spirit, to set them stand to hear them sing—the thrill it possesses us all as we write:

"Thoughts of earth and flesh may fall,  
We'll be Victors;

Christ our Captain shall prevail,  
We'll be Victors."

The fact that one of that group was responsible for the gloriously martial words thrilled us; such sentiments of one must be the sentiments of the whole.

The tension had been growing higher and higher, and a sigh of relief was almost audible when the moment of actual Commissioning arrived. Brigade after Brigade they went to the front, led forth by Brigadier Merritt and Adjutant Davies, and one by one they received their appointments. As they fell back into line—some of them we looked around to see the happy faces of proud parents who had lived for this moment, we had a feeling that to some, this moment meant more, perhaps, than to the young Officer himself. Then we thought of the absent parents and loved ones whose love and prayers would be winging across the prairies Winnipieg-wards, and we thought, too, of some who might even then be looking down from the Holy City, praising God for answered prayers.

The Commissioning was over. Brigadier Park, for the Women's Social Department had accepted the Officers for that Service; Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, the Field Secretary, had accepted the Field Officers. We wish we had space to record some of those hurried words of acceptance. "Yours, 'The Victors,'" passed said the Field Secretary, "through the wide open gates into the greatest circle of comradeship the world has ever known—that of Salvation Army Officers."

Then—last scene of all—the new Officers came again to the front of the dais, under a widespread Army Flag, and each grasping a strand of Army color ribbon they sang once more:

"Help me to show Thee  
So they may know Thee,

Standing there, in a group which was so intensely Army in its setting, the Commissioner delivered to them such an impassioned address as it has rarely been our privilege to hear.

"You are going out to fight  
Fighting will be the business of your life. But  
there will be One in the midst of the Captain of the Lord's Hosts. He brings you a sword—the victory sword. Not a sword for ornamental, but a sword for the fight."

"You are 'The Victors,' and the price of your victory shall be in those words. 'If any man will follow me, let him take up his Cross.' It is not a golden cross, nor a golden sword, but the cross is the lonely Jesus, and the sword is the Spirit."

"For the last time. Out into the summer noon, out to the fighting and loneliness and victory."

Hot sun was beating down on the station platform—so different from that rainy evening nine months ago—as the last farewells were said. With tear-dimmed eyes mothers looked at their Officer-sons and daughters, became so suddenly strange to them, and those sons and daughters bravely struggling with their own feelings, tried to cheer them. And some of them had never left home before!

We saw the farewells between Garrison chums, so unfamiliar in their new decorations. The prayerful hand-clasps of last year's Sergeants, and their successors. How dream-like everything seemed.

Then the train began to move, and to the strains of "Make way, make way for 'The Victors!'" sung by the remnant left in the City, those on the train left Winnipeg to start, gladly and bravely, their new life. And, by the help of God, they'll be "Victors," indeed!—D.O.J.

And then out on to Portage Avenue once more—not now as Cadets but as Officers in the great Salvation Army. The flags were fluttering in the almost—midnight breeze; the tambourines were rattling; the Band of "The Victors" playing its farewell melodies—and so they made their return to the Garrison.

Of the hours that passed, of the little sleep that excited brains secured, of the congratulations and prayerful thoughts for each other, we can say little—visualize them for yourselves.

The last scene in our minds, however, we who were permitted to gather at the Farewell Supper, will be the sun setting across the fields at the back of the Garrison, and the Commissioner's pleading tones as he said: "Lead them to His open side, The sheep for whom the Shepherd died."

### OFF TO THE FIELD

One wet, drizzling evening, about nine months ago, we stood outside "259" and watched "The Victors" enter the Training Garrison—with the City Bands playing haunting melodies, and the sound of singing echoing around the dingy houses, and about the dripping tree-branches. The light from the open door and the unshaded windows streamed across the gleaming roadway, and on the shining instruments, as the Cadets reached their "desired haven." Hallelujahs rent the air, and greetings were banded to and fro; there may have been tears, but we didn't see any.

Nine months later we stood in the wide corridor of the new Training Garrison—almost feeling we were upon holy ground. There wasn't much talking, just a subdued murmur; one by one the new Officers came down the stairways, reluctantly, we imagined, and as they came we could imagine the quiet farewell that was being taken—the last long look at the little room, the scene of so many prayers and struggles, the last deep class song—"Lo, Look, Listen!" Such a strange, unfamiliar little group they seemed—grids and bags around them, glimpses of red and yellow braid, Sergeant's stripes on unacquainted arms—"The old order changeth and yieldeth place to now."

Then came the Flag, and soon the Side Officers; with unraised hands, eyes closed, faces, down which tears fell unbidden, and unchecked, lifted upwards, they sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," and then one of their number prayed. Silently others joined the little crowd, and the final words spoken, they filed out of the Garrison—for the last time. Out into the summer noon, out to the fighting and loneliness and victory.

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Among many congratulatory messages received at the Garrison on Commissioning Day were telegrams from the New York and Toronto Garrisons, one from Regina I, and also from Lieutenants Bert and Wesley Rich of the British Territory.



Canada West  
The Victor Season 1927-1928

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(Continued from page 3)

Captain Grace Eby from Elmwood to Penton. Captain Florence Tucker from The Pas to Elmwood.

Captain Harry Smith from Vermilion to Biggar.

Captain Gladys Johnson from Wainous to The Pas.

Captain Ethel Langford from High River to Wetaskiwin.

Captain Eva McKny from Innisfail to High River.

Captain Mae Young from Wetaskiwin to Prince George.

Captain Max Taylor from Chilliwack to Vancouver 6.

Captain Beatrice Newbury from Kamloops to Prince George.

Captain Nellie Mills from The Pas to Kerrobert.

Captain Florrie Walker from Vermilion to Kamloops.

Captain May Ortheron from Canrose to Innisfail.

Captain Mildred Johnson from High River to Red Deer.

Captain Emma Fitzpatrick from Wetaskiwin to Edson.

Captain Emma McEachern from Cordova to Prince George.

Captain Sadie Stevenson from Medicine Hat to High River.

Captain Elsie Stunnell from Furlough to Edmonton D.H.Q.

Captain Lillian Lyons from Prince George to Northern Grace Hospital.

Captain Olive Redshaw from Fort Rouge to Kildonan Industrial Home.

Captain Ruthie Bell from Prince George to Calgary Children's Home.

Captain Nora Tait from Cranbrook to Calgary Grace Hospital.

Captain Ethel Wiseman from Roseland to Northern Saskatchewan, in charge.

Captain Norman Buckley from Vernon to Kelowna Chariot, in charge.

Captain Hector Nyerod from Weston to Manitoba Chariot, in charge.

Captain William O'Connell from Maple Creek to Southern Saskatchewan Chariot, in charge.

Captain Halvorson from Roblin to Shawanigan.

Captain James Martin from St. Boniface to Brandon.

Captain Hanne from Climax Circle to Maple Creek.

Captain John Reeves from Humboldt to Roblin.

Captain Herman Ennis from Lloydminster to Swan River.

Captain Charles Watt from Innisfail to Calgary 3.

Captain Frances Lester from Edson to Macleod.

Captain Nicholas Belevitch from Lacombe to Calgary 3.

Captain Davis Wagner from Macleod to Alberta Chariot.

Captain Ralph Webster from Red Deer to Lethbridge.

Captain Graham Donnelly from Calgary 2 to Cochrane.

Captain Victor Bishop from Grande Prairie to Cochrane.

Lieut. Nellie Amos from Kamloops to Vancouver 6.

Lieut. Florence Cook from Vancouver 4 to Chilliwack.

Lieut. Grace Ferguson from Chilliwack to Trail.

Lieut. Myrtle Wardle from Peterborough to Cobourg.

Lieut. Daisy Stobart from Elmwood to Virden.

Lieut. Phoebe Henderson from Dauphin to Norwell.

Lieut. Kathryn Loewen from Furlough to The Pas.

Lieut. Margaret Currie from Kerrobert to Biggar.

Lieut. Gull Hawkins from Swan River to Regina.

Lieut. Ruby Bell from Watrous to Saskatoon 2 to Estevan.

Lieut. Gertrude Bradley from Kamloops to Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Lieut. Karen Morrison from Innisfail to Prince Rupert.

Lieut. Lilian Parr from Virden to Kamloops.

Lieut. Dorothy Shand from Shawanigan to Climax Circle, in charge.

Lieut. Robert Ennis from Lloydminster to Grande Prairie.

Lieut. Percy Towson from Lloydminster to Northern Saskatchewan.

Lieut. Maurice Thierstein from Edson to Macleod.

Lieut. Jonas Anderson from Lacombe to Calgary 3.

Lieut. Lorraine Mack from Vernon to Fortine.

Lieut. Lorrie Dunn from Furlough to Canrose.

Lieut. Leonard Joyce to Northern Saskatchewan.

**PROMOTION AND APPOINTMENT—**

**TO BE CAPTAIN:**

Cadet-Sergeant John Wilson, Kamloops, B.C.

Cadet-Sergeant Fred Ruttan, Kenora, Ont.

Cadet-Sergeant Arthur Carmichael, Kelowna, B.C.

**TO PRO-CAPTAIN:**

Cadet Rose Townsend, Winnipeg 4 (Flaggs Ave.)

Cadet Eric Borthwick, Calgary, Alberta.

Cadet Bert Blythe, Northern Grace Hospital.

Cadet Ernest Fitch, Neepawa, Man.

**TO THE MURIEL BATTICK:**

Cadet Harriet Austin, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.

Cadet Muriel Battick, Red Deer, Alta.

Cadet Florence Blythe, Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Cadet Edith Binham, Vernon, Alta.

Cadet Rudy Campbell, Vancouver 7.

Cadet Ethel Chisholm, Fortine, B.C.

Cadet Louise Dorin, Vancouver Grace Hospital.

Cadet Daisy Forbes, Penticton, B.C.

Cadet Louis Gifford, Fort Rouge (Wpg. 9).

Cadet Nedra Hicks, Humbolt, Sask.

Cadet Minnie Hill, Special Work.

Cadet Ethel Hobson, Northern Grace Hospital.

Cadet Olive Kirvin, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Cadet Elsie Litznerberger, Peterborough, Ontario.

Cadet Ethel McLean, Fortine, B.C.

Cadet Ethel McLean, Wainous, Alta.

Cadet Elizabeth Murdie, Kerrobert, Sask.

Cadet Effie Murray, Kamloops, B.C.

Cadet Ethel Parry, The Pas Garrison.

Cadet Ethel Smith, Innisfail, Alta.

Cadet Rhona Stunnell, Winnipeg Grace Hospital.

Cadet Gladys Venn, Weston (Wpg. 6).

## A FESTIVAL OF CONSECRATION

(Continued from page 5)

Then as in the speakers among the Garrison comrades; Sergeant Raines told us how from "a respectable" sinner he became a "fighting soldier"; Cadet Dunerton said in his quest for souls the attractions of the world grow dim; Cadet Battwick gave an interesting account of his call to the Colonies.

Cadet Kaviraj gave the concluding Bible address for the afternoon and we listened with profit to the many ways in which God answers the prayers of His people.—P.

## THE FESTIVAL OF SALVATION

Sunday Night

When we were coming down from our Quarters to the night Meeting, which we have already described to ourselves as a Festival of Salvation, we passed the Cadets en route for their own event. They were singing right heartily;

"True to my colors, I'll be true,

True to my colors and The Army."

And, as usual, away went our thoughts; right over the years, and across the seas, and we were once more a Cadet, marching through old London's streets, singing with vim and determination—

"I'll be true,

True to my colors and The Army."

There are some songs and sentiments that survive the years, and erase the marks of time and make us all kith and kin, and all young again.

It was a goodly crowd which filed into the Winnipeg Rink on Sunday night, reaching away towards the screen at the rear of the hall, and we were glad, for we just wanted the Cadets to have such a sight to carry away to the lonely fastnesses towards which some of them are even now speeding. God be with them!

The first song helped us—

"If you larry 'll you're better,

You'll never come at all."

for it was a warning note, just as there crept into the prayers of Staff-Captain Steele and Adjutant Davies the thought that there were those with us who needed to be warned of the dangers of delay in the matter of their souls' salvation. A joyfully experimental note, too, was in the song which the Cadets sang unitedly, with a clearness of enunciation which made the message of it so plain to all their hearers:

"Say, do you wonder why always I sing,

He's mine."

for it was a warning note, just as there crept into the prayers of Staff-Captain Steele and Adjutant Davies the thought that there were those with us who needed to be warned of the dangers of delay in the matter of their souls' salvation. A joyfully experimental note, too, was in the song which the Cadets sang unitedly, with a clearness of enunciation which made the message of it so plain to all their hearers:

The last Sunday of "The Victors"

Session had been a great day—out of the best we have experienced since our coming to this part of The Army,—J."

mark, and so was Cadet Jack Nelson, who—but we are making no distinctions.

The singing of other items impressed us more than we have room to say. The earnestness of "Eternity" rendered by the Male Quintette from the Garrison; the sweetness of the accompanied solo, "To pardon a rebel like me," by Citadel Sergeant, and the most vocal eloquence of the Grandel Band in their reminiscent selection of "A Mother's Prayer." Just as the last echoing of "Where is my boy tonight?" rang down the hall, we were hushed into prayer for the final address, with the men Cadets singing a supporting appeal—"Come with thy sin." Then as we said, the wonderful invitation of Jesus Christ, so simply outlined by Cadet Nelson—"Come unto me—and ye shall find rest to your souls." What a night of Salvation Music it was—if only one had ears to hear.

The Commissioner had been in charge all through—his skilful welding of all parts of the Meeting into one component whole had been an object lesson to those on the platform—but there came a great gust of blessing to our own soul when he took the Meeting from the hands of the Cadet, and so woefully added his appeal to that of his junior. The young graduate and the Leader of The Army, all with the same message, and not a sign of a deviation in the outlining of it—"Ye shall find rest"—what a unifying charm there is about the appeal of our Lord.

It seemed so perfectly fitting—if it be not thought an intrusion on an almost sacred moment—that the first to respond to that appeal should be the young, so strong and well-minded he looked, who stepped up from the back seats of the hall, and all untaught, save by the Holy Spirit, came boldly to the Place of Peace, as Brigadier Carter called it.

After that there was a pause, a long pause, only filled in by the persistent wowing of the Commissioner's voice, and the softly sung invitation songs; we waited, and we believed; here and there the "Fishers" did their duty and then slowly but surely the Mercy-Seat filled up, until we rejoiced to know that it had become a Place of Rest and of Peace. There were grave struggles going on—fathers and brothers were kneeling there; youths and girls—and their elders found a way to let go their sins. And still the singing went on, the wowing persisted. Many of our earlier congregation had left the hall; there had been some with us who had stayed; some had right up into the back, others out into the aisle, and when the Cadets marched back again up Portion to their "good old Garrison" as they are already calling it, there was a lift in their footstep, and a ring about their music and song which floated away over the hill-tops and reached the bedrooms of retiring citizens, making all the city-side atune with the music of those who had found "rest to their souls."

The last Sunday of "The Victors" Session had been a great day—out of the best we have experienced since our coming to this part of The Army,—J."

## THE KILLISNOO DISASTER

We are exceedingly glad to say that the damage done during the recent fire at Killisnoo, Alaska, was not quite as wide-spread as reported in a recent issue. It was quite serious enough, however, to cause considerable distress among the little population, and to our own soldiers.

Although as we are now happy to learn, The Army Hall was saved, forty-seven houses were burned to the ground, including that of our Sgt.-Major and several other Army comrades. The Russian Church and the Government Schools were also destroyed.

Adjutant and Mrs. Quick lost their Quarters with all furnishings, including personal clothing and about one hundred dollars' worth of necessaries which they were hoping to sell to tourists during the summer for local benefit. The Corps books, the Adjutant's much valued Bible, and other items of a like nature were also lost.

A lady was making a collection, speedily on the financial assistance of our Commissioner, reported from 1,000 funds. There is still need for further relief, and the Commissioner will be glad to hear from interested friends.

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## The Deliberations

of Daniel

Domore

July 7, 1928

The Deliberations

of Daniel

Domore

The Deliberations

of Daniel

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iel  
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Daniel can  
go on the  
Chariot

A. Styrenup Monson  
Winnipeg,  
June 29th, 1928

get much of a column from it must put it down to the fact that she has aliments to be flooded with relatives and others who are with us over the Companys not complaining, al- a lot of extra work for stay in on Sunday after- all-for, of course, every- their boy or girl is on the

each day or two, don't you sorry our visitors didn't sermons from the Com- I think it was just y to stand aside and let have a "try out." They didn't they especially the go you'd get that and out -it tens the girls who did mind, Mr. Editor, that's

A report reaches us from Eswatini, West Africa, that at Akai where Teacher Amos is in charge, four men recently burnt their Jesus and have become Salvadonists. This is one sign of many of Gods presence in the various centres. We are pleased to report victory at Eswatini, says the account mentioned "both at the Centre and at the Societies."

The visit of the Territorial Commander, Colonel Souter, proved a source of inspiration and encouragement. The new Local Officer here are doing exceptionally well and the first Meeting conducted by them was most helpful. The Open-Air Meetings at the beach are well attended and are greatly appreciated by the large crowds that gather.

It lovely when they come the Womans Right-movers' chorus. Oh boy, I stand up and sing. I am so only we are so as afraid I should never gain. There was one fat next but one to sing with for three, but, would she say she just would not "so selfish."

getting into the song of had a team bring me when Broome Carter many times said "Crys" the soul during the session. "Who gets all those haven't answered that (Why not sing up to 765 yourself." Alice, like to sing a thing

more:

To inform you that it is desirable for you to take the Divisional Church representations are to be considered. I am so if you can arrange a few occasional meetings and we can meet the needs and will be quite pleased.

On Sing Books are being bought in a

marvelous manner. Salvadonists here

carry their books with them wherever they go.

Quite recently two comrades missed their way in the bush and did not know which way to go. In their dilemma they climbed a tree, took out their Song Books and began to sing at the top of their voice. "I'm a Soldier bound for Heaven," went the chorus. "I love Jesus, Heberon." Singing the chorus over and over again, they then shouted for joy.

A man who was hunting a long way off, heard the strains and wondering what it all meant, drew near. They told him of their trouble and he was able to direct them to the right way. The Song Book thus was the means of helping them out of the difficulty.

There was a little misunderstanding of fact in the mind of a child of whom we have heard, who had listened to the reading of the grim story of Ananias and Sapphira, and was then asked by her teacher why they were punished so severely. She thought a minute, and then lied: "Please, teacher, because they haven't so used to lying in those days."

The was sheer guesswork, but there was knowledge behind the speech of little Shirley, who was riding on a rocking-chair with his sister Margaret, and at last remarked: "If one of us would get up, I could ride better!" Whether the first hint was taken we are not informed.

making a collection, go g to a rich man, who said nothing." something, sir," replied the collecting for the poor.

# Musical Fraternity

## Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Fifth Article)

### SAVED BY THE ARMY SONG BOOK

*Lost in the bush, they climbed a tree and began to sing; the hunter heard them and "delivered them out of their distresses."*

A report reaches us from Eswatini, West Africa, that at Akai where Teacher Amos is in charge, four men recently burnt their Jesus and have become Salvadonists. This is one sign of many of Gods presence in the various centres. We are pleased to report victory at Eswatini, says the account mentioned "both at the Centre and at the Societies."

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We have just opened a Society at that Hall Use Ekam, and our comrades there have already erected their own Hall." Captain Cole speaks in high terms of the attitude of the people towards The Army and its work.

At Ondo our Comrades are standing true and getting into uniform, and the work among the Young People is making good headway.

On a recent Sunday morning Directory Class, the children were asked to bring songs with them to the Meeting on the following Sunday. One boy brought his older brother, and he, having found salvation, called upon a friend and invited him to come. The friend did so and was converted.

Our young Books are being bought in a marvelous manner. Salvadonists here carry their books with them wherever they go.

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JUST a word concerning "Almighty to Save" (211). This is one of the tunes our present General discovered for The Army; we do not know where he found it. It may have been a secular air, but we have never heard any people other than ourselves sing it. It always gives us a feeling of annoyance, too, when we see in some religious hymnals the words of the General's song given an anomalous arrangement.

"Singing" (218) is a real old Yorkshire tune, dating from the year 1825. It was originally published in a collection of tunes entitled "The Bouquet," all of which were named after some botanical term. What town is there where The Army Flag flies that has not heard us sing:

"My chains tell all, my soul was free,  
I rose, went forth and followed Thee."

Every Army musician will be aware that "Creation" (220) is taken from Haydn's oratorio of that name; the chorus, "The heavens are telling," supplying the main idea. We surely are in good company in these adaptations.

"Silver Threads" (281) stands forward unblushingly as a former song tune - "Darling, I am growing older," but it is a melody of everlasting freshness. It is checked by jowl with another former secular tune - "Gaily to the Bleeding Lamb" (287), so remarkable a great variety.

Hodson's Chanson was an old-time Methodist preacher, and a converted brother they did not then associate with fiddles with hymnology. He was in a certain town and could not get to sleep because of a dance which was going on in another part of the tavern where he was staying. Unable to endure the noise, he left his room and made his way to the dance saloon, took the fiddle from the hands of the astonished musician, and calling upon the dancers to halt in their whirling, he struck up, singing to the tune to which they had been dancing a few moments before.

"My Saviour suffered on the Tree,  
Gaily to the Bleeding Lamb."

While the dancing had been going on, with its constantly recurring tune, he had arrived at the set of words which we sing in The Army today. It is said that he did not cease his singing and preaching in that room until he had all the dancers on their knees, and some of them converted.

"Hemsley" (299) is another old-time church tune. It was written by Thomas Olivers, a drunken Welshman, who was converted under the Wesleys. It first appeared about the year 1770. It was a

great favorite of Queen Victoria, and

"Come on my partners" (218), a tune which the Founder assiduously tried to make popular amongst us, but which great favorite of Queen Victoria, and

was a

popular

song

which

was

the

most

famous

song

of

the

time.

"By His abundant grace,

"Oh wondrous love,

"Soon I shall see His face,

"Oh wondrous love,

"Join those who're gone before,

"Sorrow and pain all o'er,

"Heaven, Heaven, for evermore,

"Oh wondrous love."

there is a story that one of her organists was rebuked by her because he dared to use another setting to "Lo, He comes with clouds descending."

If the music of "What a Friend we have in Jesus" (309) is not Canadian certainly the words are. Our very good comrade, Enoch Hawley, of Calgary, has gathered a considerable amount of data concerning the writer of the hymn - Joseph Scriven, of Port Hope, Ont. The music is by Charles Converse, who was a personal friend of Scriven. It first appeared in the Sankey collection about the year 1877, and is still one of the best-known songs we have - words and music.

"Speak, Savoir, speak!" (315) we believe was originally "Sleep, dearest sleep," and has become popular amongst us by reason of Mr. Herbert Booth's sacred words.

Where shall we finish this article? At the composer of "Meekow" (308), Giardini, it is said that when a young man he was given to introducing some of his own compositions into the works of others for the sake of display. One evening he did this in the presence of the author of the piece. His rival waited until Giardini had finished his extempore, when he promptly gave him a sound box on the ear. Would that some of our Bandmasters could do likewise.

Read with us this extract from "The Army Dream," by Mrs. Beagle. "For two years this singing pheasant (Brodminster Fry) went about The Army, and then God called him. I heard one of his songs sung once by a girl who was herself near death; consumption and left unhealed, her pure, magnified voice went down the throat of the bell and sent these ringing words to that old Scots tune -- "Robin Adair" (371).

"God gave His Son for me,  
Oh, wondrous love."

The singer's great eyes looked beyond us all, an unearthly light shining from their dark depths; and almost as ready for the girl who sang the words as for the men who wrote them, they seemed true:

"By His abundant grace,  
"Oh wondrous love,

"Soon I shall see His face,

"Oh wondrous love,

"Join those who're gone before,

"Sorrow and pain all o'er,

"Heaven, Heaven, for evermore,

"Oh wondrous love."







### At Sandy Hook Camping

Such a happy and appropriate crowd they are at Sandy Hook camp! The mothers enjoying the quiet and restfulness after months spent in old kitchens in the city; the little children dancing in the sunshine of open fields after the crowded streets and alleys of Winnipeg. The days are flying only too quickly for them.

On Friday the campers gathered and attentively listened to a meeting conducted by Commandant Carroll, assisted by the Camp Staff.

Sunday was a great day for the children and the presence of Lt.-Colonel Sims meant added pleasure for the little tots. The Sunday morning Meeting was piloted by the Commandant and the Colonel distributed Gospels to each of the children and also to their parents. In the afternoon Captain Grey, assisted by three Corps Cadets, conducted a Meeting which was well attended, and enjoyed by all.

**Drumheller** (Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell). Our weekly meetings were held, despite the weathered windows. In place of the regular Sunday morning Open-Air Meeting, a series of music was held outside the house of a sick friend. Much blessing resulted in the ensuing Holiness Meeting. In the Salvation Meeting, after a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting, one soul surrendered. Others were under deep conviction, and we are praying for them. G.L.T.

### A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the Army Song Book (Compiled by Hon. Deputy Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg Citadel).

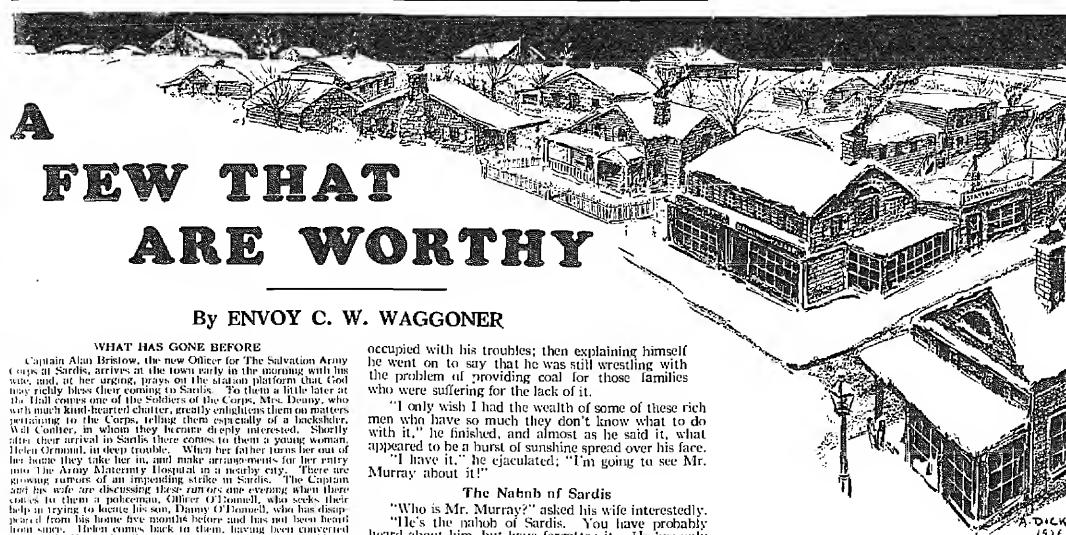
N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (\*).

*Experience and Testimony* Cont'd.

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272 Jesus came down.....	451
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278 Olive as I gazed.....	117
280 Jesus, thy blood and.....	50
281 Once I was far in sin.....	433 410
283 Jesus loves me every day.....	135 169 169
285 Full of pity, love and.....	478
286 One there is above all.....	118
289 One there is above all.....	223 237
290 By faith I know.....	228 229 232
291 Those who the gloom.....	288
293 My robes were once.....	11
294 While passing a garden.....	378 343 349
298 Jesus Christ is my Lord.....	225 226
299 I heard af a Saviour.....	30
300 Now I know what makes.....	129
301 Jesus, His story by.....	181
305 Oh, what hath Jesus.....	578 518
307 Come, list, while I sing.....	175
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313 O thou God of my So'l'n.....	406
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314 Salvation, oh, the joyful.....	125
314 Come, ye that love the.....	121 113 110
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317 Oh, how happy are they.....	358
318 Hall, Thou art my Saviour.....	220
319 Dear Lord, I love Thee.....	211
320 There will I love, my.....	213
321 I feel like singing all.....	87
322 My Jesus, I love Thee.....	359 310
323 Thank Thee, dear Saviour.....	310
324 Let earth and heaven.....	113
325 Come, let us all unite.....	221 222
326 Come, let us all unite.....	221 222
327 Saviour of God, lift up.....	27
328 How sweet the name.....	141
329 This, this is The God.....	221
330 O Jesus, I love Thee.....	211
331 Stand up and bless.....	126
332 Praise God for what.....	16 6 * 71 * 73
333 Stand up, stand up for right.....	61
334 O for a thousand.....	61
335 O bliss of the purified.....	335 334 332
336 O Jesus, my Saviour.....	20
337 O Saviour, my awful.....	269
338 Come, thou fount of.....	281 282 287

(To be Continued)

**Note.**—We suggest that the "first" should be cut out and kept for reference. When composed it is furnish very useful information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandsmen, &c.—Ed.)



## A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain Alan Bristow, the new Officer for The Salvation Army Corps at Sardis, arrives at the town early in the morning with his wife, and, at her urging, prays on the station platform that God may bless their coming to Sardis. To them a little later at the station comes Mr. Murray, the local agent of the Murray Coal Company, with much kind-hearted chatter, greatly enlivens them on matters pertaining to the Corps, telling them especially of a backshifter, Will Conther, in whom they are deeply interested. Shortly after their arrival at Sardis, there comes to them word of the death of Helen Ormiston, in deep trouble. When her father turns her out of his home, they take her in, and make arrangements for her entry into a home. They are greatly distressed over the news of growing rumors of an impending strike in Sardis. The Captain and his wife are discussing these rumors one evening when there comes to them a police officer, Old Mr. Lachlin, who seeks their help to locate his son, Danny O'Hanlon, who disappeared from his home five months before and has not been heard from since. Helen comes back in them, having been converted while at the home of the Captains. She asks the Captains to tell her little boy clearly, "The mandataries and workmen fail to reach an agreement, and a strike is called. To make matters worse with the cold, and strike is called, and there is much distress in the town, particularly in the industrial district which goes by the name of 'London Bridge.' Captain Bristow is much exercised in regard to what to do."

### Chapter V AN APPOINTMENT

**T**O MAKE matters worse, an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the "London Bridge" section, afflicting much sickness to the poverty. The Captain and his wife, with the faithful workers of the Corps, were nearly beside themselves, but three of the leading doctors of Sardis came to the harassed Captain's aid and promised to treat free of charge every case of sickness the Captain O.K'd. This helped out much, but in spite of all the outside help, both the Captain and his wife are still working during those days. These poor people living in Sardis who yet till the winter of the year came, cold weather came early, and lasted unbrokenly after it came. For the first time in seven years the river froze over.

The biting cold added to the problems that the Salvationists had to face, for the poor were soon appealing for coal and the slender linings of the sturdy little building forbade the buying of coal for them. It took all the money they could get together to buy the very necessary groceries. They put special appeals in the papers for cast-off clothing for the poor, and some of the Soldiers gathered this for them. Mrs. Lachlin and Mrs. Dene came for three or four hours every day to distribute this clothing among the needy who came in a constant stream to receive it. It seemed to many that everything was being done that could be done to alleviate the suffering occasioned by the strike, and yet Captain Bristow was not wholly satisfied.

**Wonderful how the money holds out**

He spoke of this one night as he sat with his wife after a long and hard day. "I wish there was some way that we could do more for the people," he said, with a note of sadness in his voice. "There are so many calls I have to turn away from, and it hurts me."

**"Whoon shall I say?" asked the servant, perceptibly warning.**

"Tell him Captain Bristow, of The Salvation Army."

"Just step inside and have a seat, and I will tell him." The Captain entered and took the indicated seat in the long and spacious hall. In a few moments the man returned.

"You are to come this way, please," he said.

"I know, dear," returned his wife gently, "but I

don't see how we can do any more than we are doing with the limited means we have. I sometimes think now that the Lord is doing all our stores what He did with the ermine coat and the boxful of meat. It was the way the money holds out that we can do as many as we do. And you know, dear, that we have

more people have only been taking half salary since the strike started that we might have more for the relief fund."

He knew all that," he acknowledged with a heavy

sigh. He was very tired and showed it. "But there

are many things that ought to be done that we can't do, but you know the need is really great. I would be able to give coal. There are so many families that are actually suffering keenly from the cold, especially in 'London Bridge.'

"But we really can't do it. We would certainly

need a great deal more money than is at our disposal

to try to meet this need for coal."

He thought the Captain prayed most earnestly

that he would be allowed to do what he proposed that if in any way their services could be increased it might be possible to them.

He was a long time on his knees, but somehow, when he had finally said "Amen," and had put into his bed his heart was strangely comforted and he did not feel so much alone in his carrying of this burden of the poor.

The next morning at the breakfast table the Captain was preoccupied and silent. After a bit his wife noticed it. He laughed and said that his mind was

occupied with his troubles; then explaining himself he went on to say that he was still wrestling with the problem of providing coal for those families who were suffering for the lack of it.

"I only wish I had the wealth of some of these rich men who have so much they don't know what to do with it," he finished, and almost as he said it, what appeared to be a burst of sunshine spread over his face.

"I have it," he ejaculated; "I'm going to see Mr. Murray about it!"

### The Nahab of Sardis

"Who is Mr. Murray?" asked his wife interestedly.

"He's the nabob of Sardis. You have probably heard about him, but have forgotten it. He has only been home for the past few weeks. He has been in the Old Country all summer. He lives in that big mansion at the top of Cutler's Hill. The Murrays originally owned practically all the land in which the town of Sardis stands. When the town was built here their holdings were cut up into lots and sold, with an immense profit to them. This money was wisely invested, and, according to reports, has been growing ever since. They are the wealthiest people in this part of the country. This Mr. Murray is pair of the young generation, but even at that he is not a young man. Strange, don't you think of him before, for when I was going over the Corps books I saw he has given a \$100 each year towards our Christmas Hamper Funds.

"Do you think he will help?"

"I don't know, but I am at least going to give him the opportunity."

When the Captain tried to get in touch with Mr. Murray he learned that he could only be seen by appointment. Getting into communication with Mr. Murray's secretary, an appointment was arranged for that afternoon. When the interview had been assured he found himself feeling a bit pinicky. He had never before approached a man of such wealth and position, and the thought of the coming interview filled him with a sort of dread.

As he climbed the hill crowned by the imposing home of the Murrays, he lifted his heart to God for help and guidance. His pressure on the electric button that opened the huge front door was not answered at once, but presently the door swung open to reveal a man servant who looked at him questioningly.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Murray," he explained to the man.

"Whom shall I say?" asked the servant, perceptibly warning.

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"Just step inside and have a seat, and I will tell him." The Captain entered and took the indicated seat in the long and spacious hall. In a few moments the man returned.

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He was a long time on his knees, but somehow, when he had finally said "Amen," and had put into his bed his heart was strangely comforted and he did not feel so much alone in his carrying of this burden of the poor.

The Captain, somewhat reassured by this warm

welcome, sank into the chair across the table-desk from the Captain. There was something about his host that put him at his ease at once. He somehow felt that he was going to get an interested hearing, whether he got anything else or not. He was wondering just how to approach the matter he had come about when Mr. Murray spoke.

"I don't think I have met you before, Captain Bristow?"

"No; I have only been in Sardis since last June.

You were away, I believe, when I came, and have been away most of the time since."

"That is true. I have only been home a few weeks. But, though I have not met you before, Captain, I've been hearing some things about you."

The young Captain was flustered at this and showed it.

"The young Captain was flustered at this and showed it. He wondered just what this quiet little man could know about him. He did not know just how to proceed.

"That was a sort of poser for you, wasn't it?"

The little gray man appreciated the Captain's perturbation, and was now helping him out. "Yes; I've heard about you more than once. You know, Captain, you can't come into a little town like Sardis and do things without having the folks talk about you some. Particularly if you do the sort of things you've evidently been doing since the strike was declared. I confess it, I have heard about you; but have made myself curious to meet you. Of course, some of the things I have heard I suppose are gathered, so please go ahead and tell me what you have really been doing."

And he settled back comfortably to listen.

Encouraged, the Captain started in, and so sympathetically did his hearer see that he found himself enthusiastically telling the things they had been doing to meet the greatly increased demands on their time and resources since the coming of the big strike. And as he talked the man across from him listened attentively, and the changing light in his gray eyes showed that he was missing nothing of the points made by the Captain. He was told of the awful conditions that had already been taken to meet as far as possible these conditions. When the younger man had finished his recital there was silence for a moment or two. Then the man who had listened so quietly leaned forward a bit and said, "Will you please pardon a very personal question? I have heard something, and I would like very much to verify it."

**A moment's embarrassed pause**

"Ask anything you like," returned the Captain, "and if I can answer it I will be only too glad to do so."

"All right then," Mr. Murray leaned a little nearer and watched him closely as he went on. "I have been told that since the strike came you and your wife have only been taking half your allotted salary—a salary which, I believe, is not very large. Is that true?"

Captain Bristow felt his face flush hotly. How had this man heard this? They had not publicly let it be known what they were doing in this.

"Yes; that's true," he said, after a moment's embarrassed pause, "but that is not very much to do; you see, the need is so great, and we have so little to go on."

There was a warmer light in the kind gray eyes across from him, and the older man said kindly, "That is all right, but you know you will have to be careful, Captain. Youth does not know its limitations. You know it is possible for even youth to break down. You may do too much."

"Thank you, Mr. Murray," returned the Captain earnestly, "but it is not so much what I am doing as it is what I would like to do and am not able. This is likely to break me down before that. It is this that harts."

A gleam of respect was added to the warmth of the kind gray eyes. The owner of those eyes leaned back, and resting his hands upon the table between them, he said quietly, "All right, now; just what is it that you would like me to do?"

(To be continued)

SOLDIERS OF JESUS BE  
VALIANT AND STRONG

# THE WAR CRY

THE SALVATION ARMY  
IS MARCHING ALONG

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JULY 7th, 1928

No. 27

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, believed, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 517-519 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, when possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (3.00) extra.

2117—Charles Rowland Humphreys, Age 41, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known occupation: teacher. Native of London, England. Last heard of for several years. Sister anxious for news.

2116—Charles Loder, Age 52, left England 19 years ago to come to Canada. Last known address: Shinshia, Sask. Daughter is anxious to locate. Money has been left in his father's will.

2115—James George, Age 26, height 5 ft. 4 in., black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Native of Belfast, Ireland. Last heard from at Princeton, N.J. Money was given for news.

2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife. Painter. Number in Parten Malvern League, 11632; was re-admitted Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 25. Last known address: Vancouver, B.C. Wife is drawn on the side of her face. Son deceased and went by name Madame Josephine. Age of father unknown.

2113—George Holder, Age 59, height 6 ft. 4 in., black hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. When last heard from was earning on his own account. Native of Wirkby, England. Brother wants to get in touch with him.

2112—Albert Vilettin, (Jack), Age 37, height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. American mechanic, missing from Valley, Prince Edward Island. No news.

2111—Alice Charl, Age 29, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. Who last heard from was working on railways in Ontario.

2091—William J. Davies, Age 27, light brown hair, blue eyes. Irish complexion, native of Dublin, Ireland. Sister has been engaged in military life, also served with postal authorities. Now serving in the better positions in Scotland. Father who has not been heard from since 1922 is anxious to locate. (See photo.)

2092—Frederick Clark, Butcher, Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., medium build, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Melton, Alan. Brother seeks information concerning his whereabouts.

1818—Christmas Davies, otherwise known as Tommy Davies. Age 47, height 5 ft. 6 in., light brown hair, blue eyes. Fair complexion, native Welsh, native of Llanelli, Wales. Sister extremely anxious for news. Please communicate with this office.

2103—James Young Campbell, Age 21, height 5 ft. 7 in., black hair, blue eyes. Fair complexion, born in Paisley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2031—Frank Frederick Winter, Corporal No. 81980, Age 39, height 5 ft. 6 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes. Fair complexion, native Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

Brother Murray—Sherbrooke St.  
Last Friday afternoon many comrades and friends gathered at Bartell's Funeral Parlors for the funeral service of Brother Murray, who was Promoted to Glory the previous Wednesday. Major Oake and Staff-Captain Dray conducted the service.

On Sunday evening a beautiful Memorial Service was held, this being conducted by Major Oake, who spoke of the splendid Salvationism of our departed comrade. He told how he had married Brother and Sister Murray and how he had been present in the Meeting when our brother knelt at the Mercy-Seat. C.S.M. Robson also spoke, paying high tribute to our comrade, telling of the long time he had known him. He thanked him for his honesty when he had failed, for a time, to put first things first. He was willing to acknowledge he was wrong. Captain Boyle spoke of visiting him during his last sickness, and of his assurance that he was only waiting for his Saviour to call him home. Mrs. Captain Boyle soloed "Face to face." The Band rendered "Jerusalem," and "Promoted to Glory." We praised God for three souls kneeling at the Mercy-Seat at the close of the Meeting, thus making a total of four seekers for the day.

We extend deepest sympathy to Sister Mrs. Murray, and the family, including Bandsman Fred and Guard Annie. May God comfort and sustain them.—R.M.R.

## Fresh-Air Sunday - JULY 8th

Sunday, July 8th, is to be observed throughout the Canada West Territory as Fresh-Air Sunday, and Special Collections towards The Army's Fresh Air Camp Fund will be taken at all Corps.

Commanding Officers are responsible to their Divisional Officers in this matter, and will act in accordance with instructions already received from Divisional Headquarters. The Commissioner is sure that all Soldiers and Friends will co-operate heartily in this effort.

It is impossible properly to express the delighted feelings of the mothers and children now enjoying summer life at the various Fresh-Air Camps of The Army. The first contingents are already in possession, and there are others appealing to be included in further companies. The generosity of our comrades and friends will surely provide the wherewithal for many such parties.

Think what it means to the worn-out, nerve-tired mother of a large family to move with her children from the hot, reeking tenement building, situated amidst the dust of the city street, to the cool, invigorating breezes at Sandy Hook near Winnipeg; Hopkins Landing near Vancouver, and other picturesque camp sites.

The tales of privation and household strain which we are constantly hearing are heart-breaking; the fact that for a few days at least the struggle



Center: Illustration from "The Press."

"When a feller needs a friend."

To provide even the barest necessities of life is removed is in itself a rest beyond word to these mothers. Our workers could tell some terrible stories of such conditions. Will you not help us to lift that burden, if only for a few days? Surely, you will.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed, and clad, playing around in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change, Oh, boy! Oh, joy! How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health to the "least of these"? You may — the privilege and pleasure are yours. Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!

## "The evil that men do lives after them"

It is often said that Shakespeare is as "true as the Bible". Nobody would be inclined to quarrel with the truth of this oft-quoted statement, although it might not at first appear as having much to do with the affairs of The Salvation Army.

Having said this, when we reflect upon the "evil that men do" when in "affliction from which no man can recover" we may leave behind us a legacy of a righteous name, a worthy record, and a measure of good for those who follow after.

How better can we do this than by giving heed to the Master's own injunction—

"LAY UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN!"

By making a Will and naming The Salvation Army as a legatee, givings thereby the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all in our power to perpetuate The Army's noble work. The Will should be simple and brief and cover the past.

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to—

Commissioner C. T. Rich,  
317-19 Carlton Street,  
Winnipeg, Man.

FORM OF REQUEST

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army—Canada West, the sum of \$ ..... or my property known as No. ..... in the City or Town of ..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army."

(If it is desired that the money be used for any particular branch of work it should be so stated.)

**SPECIAL .S.**

BRAMWELL BOOTH

General



2119—David Johnstone, Age 47, height 5 ft. 8 in. Very heavy moustache. Very tall. Heard of him in Calgary, about 1914. Said that he met the eye, please communicate. Brother in Canada, unknown.

2105—Clara Freda Towle, Daughter of Leslie and Amy Towle, age would be between 20 and 23. Last known address was Strathcona, Alta. New Westminister, B.C. Brother unknown. Please communicate about this girl or her mother. Please communicate with this office.

2106—Mrs. Lieutenant L. H. C. Age 26. Son of Mr. & Mrs. C. Grifka, Age 26, last seen in 1920 at Port Alberni, B.C. Brother-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. A. O. Allard, B.C. Brother-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Allard, B.C. Please communicate on behalf of aged parents.

2108—Harry Davies, Age 33, height 5 ft. 6 in., medium build, hair brown, eyes blue. Last heard from at Fairview near Oliver and Cranbrook, Okanagan Valley, B.C. Brother unknown.

2109—Lima Peter, Age 35, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, telegraph operator. Last known address, Watertown, Canada. Father unknown.

2110—Thomas J. McLean, Age 39, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, dark eyes. Born near Paisley, Ont. Last heard from at Glacier, B.C. Sister enquires.

2047—Isaac A. Hutchinson, Last heard of in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He is now in Canada again, but going overseas. Age 17 years. Said that when the eye communicates — sister very anxious to hear from him.

2048—John William Phillips, Scrubship, Age 33, height 5 ft. 8 in., black hair, dark brown eyes, dark, tanned complexion, native of St. Boniface, Manitoba.

2112—Gottfrid Isachsen, Farmer, Radium, Finland, age about 60, tall, blue eyes, medium dark, worked as gold mine, left home and 18-40, has heard of six years ago in Tonopah, Nevada, U.S.A. Please communicate.

2098—Ole Olson Parkman, Age 27, medium height, red hair, fingers still on nose. Came to Canada in 1908, occupation, farmer. Brother unknown.

2050—James Tidbury, Age 33, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, turned about blue eyes for complexion.

2063—Per Olafsson, Berglind, Age 31 Skagway, Alaska, last heard from in 1913, missing since 1913. Brother unknown.

2114—John Eek, Age 34, medium build, blue eyes, last heard from in 1920, from Vancouver, B.C., working on the railway. Brother in Norway is writing.

2082—John Kristian Sorenson, Age 28, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, in Canada, was working on railroads. Last known address, Irondale, Ontario, enquires.

2099—William B. Brundt, Age 34 years old, German, medium height, last heard from 10 or 12 years ago in Winnipeg. Please communicate.

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I even I, will hath search my sheet, and consider my ways. As a Shepherd seeketh over his flock, so shall he that is lost be sought. I will seek the sheep that are scattered among the Gentiles, and bring again that which was driven away, and will gather in my lambs from the four winds. These words are now recorded by the Prophet Ezekiel—Chapter 34, 11-16, and they are true to-day, so that it can well be said

God is Looking For You

To Scout and Guard Leaders  
and Others

## WANTED

For Orderly and Sports Duties at The Army Fresh Air Camps—Studley Hook, Man., young men and women who are qualified and willing to fulfil such duties and able to give their services for a term of ten to fourteen days in return for free board and lodgings and return rail fare from Winnipeg to Studley Hook, are invited to make inquiry. Application to the Commissioner. Applicants should give full particulars as to Corps, full name, address, age, and Life-Saving qualifications, etc., etc. Letters to be mailed to "Camp Duty," and addressed to the Commissioner, Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Portable Underwood Typewriter for sale—Forty Dollars. Machine good condition, nearly new. Apply to Mr. C. H. S. Price, 317 Carlton Street, office of the Editor, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Over four thousand helping individuals have been cared for at The Army's Camp for Beggars in Lethbridge during the six years it has existed. All the helpers are former inmates of the camp were former inmates of the hospital, and who were afterwards taught to work.